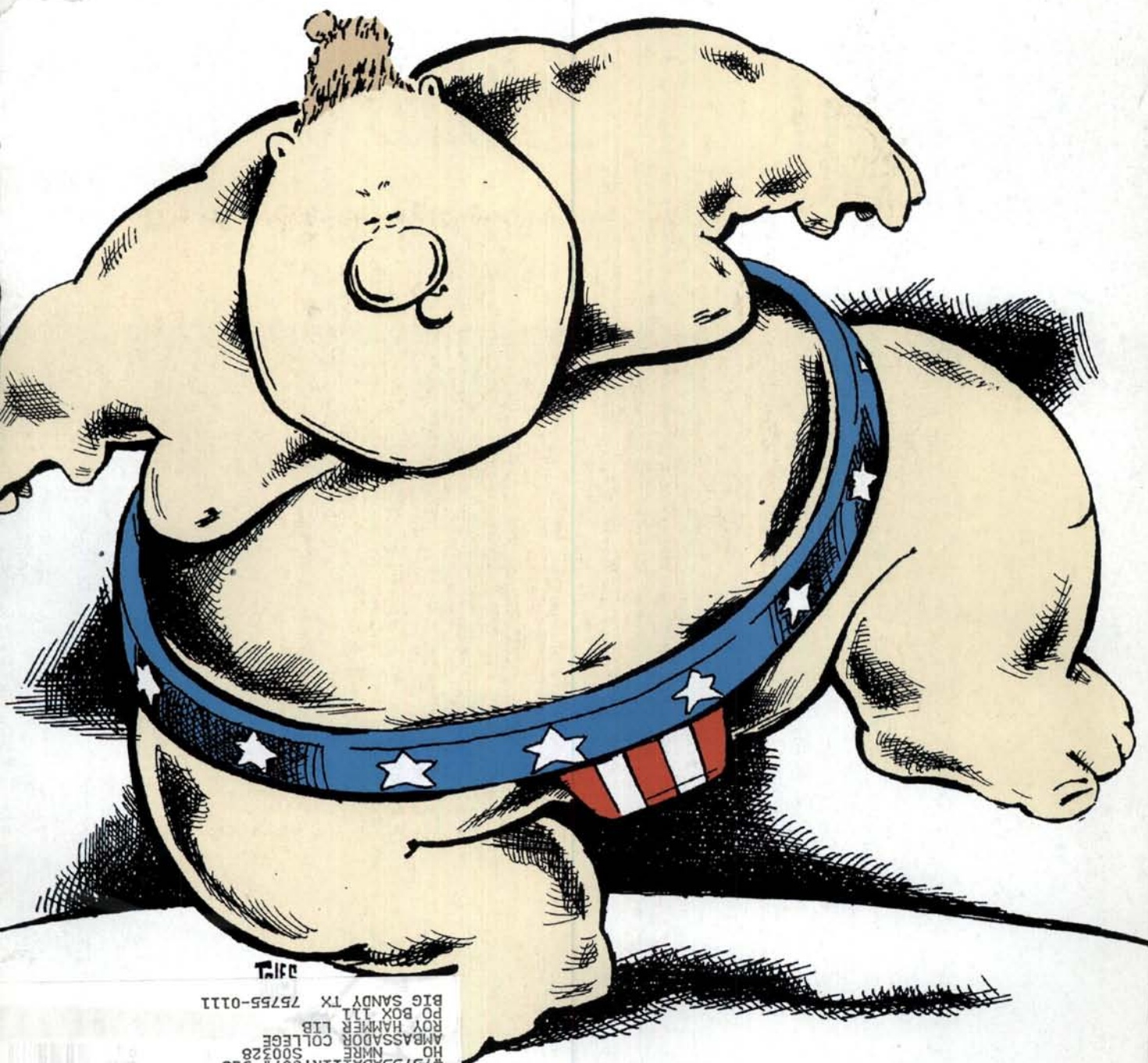


BARNES VS. KINSLEY: SHOULD WHITEWATER FIZZLE?

APRIL 18, 1994 • \$2.95

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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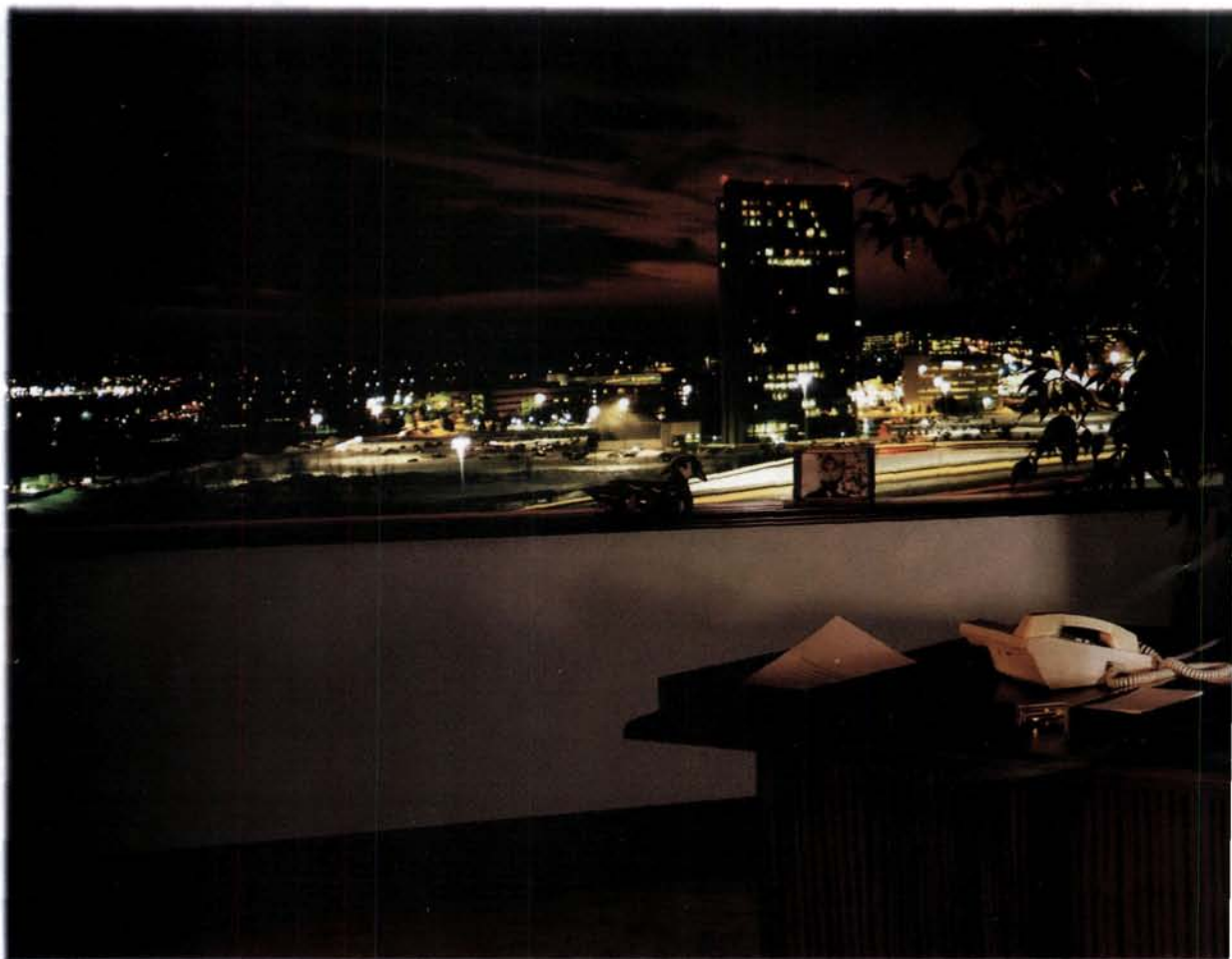
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FROM WASHINGTON

Curious George

This is getting ridiculous. George Stephanopoulos called his pal at the Treasury Department to ask why Jay Stephens—a partisan Republican with a special grudge against President Clinton—had been appointed to investigate the failure of the Whitewater-connected Madison Guaranty S&I. Stephanopoulos says he was just “blowing off steam.” But suppose the worst that has been alleged in anonymous leaks: that Stephanopoulos asked whether Stephens could be gotten rid of. He was told that the Resolution Trust Corporation, which appointed Stephens, is an independent agency

whose decisions cannot be overruled. And, by all accounts, the “attempt” to “interfere” with the RTC investigation about there.

A White House official is told the rules and obeys them. Where is the scandal? Isn't that exactly what is supposed to happen?

The effort to gin up a scandal over a second phone call the same day is even more absurd. This call was by Stephanopoulos and another White House aide, Harold Ickes, to Deputy Treasury Secretary Roger Altman. Stephanopoulos and Ickes complained that Altman had failed to alert the White House, before telling the press, that he was going to recuse himself from Whitewater-related matters.

Note how many levels we are now removed from what might normally be seen as an impropriety. What is the accusation here? It's not that Altman, as acting head of the RTC, actually interfered with the Whitewater investigation. It's not that he failed to recuse himself anyway. It's not that the White House opposed his decision to recuse himself. It's not even that Altman told the White House in advance of his decision to

recuse himself (though what on earth would be wrong with that?). It's that a couple of White House aides complained about *not* being told in advance.

Yet these two phone calls dominated the headlines over the last weekend in March. The Clintonites, meanwhile, were reduced to grateful thanks for the partial absolution being offered by Representative Jim Leach, their chief tormentor. The Iowa Republican declared that “it would be premature to draw any extraordinary conclusions” about these phone calls. Bless you, congressman.

But Leach may be about to learn—as Jimmy Carter and Dan Rather did before him—that a fuzzy sweater alone cannot indefinitely preserve one's reputation for high-mindedness (though it certainly helps). On March 24 Leach asserted on the floor of the House that “the family of the former governor of Arkansas received value

from Whitewater in excess of the resources invested,” which is his pompous way of saying that the Clintons made money on the deal. That night at his press conference, Clinton asserted that he had lost money on the deal—though less than he had previously claimed—and released tax returns to back that up.

This is a clear conflict. So where is Leach's evidence? What, even, is his argument? The press has given Leach pretty much a free ride. The documents he released the day of his speech don't begin to make the case. Leach's reasoning is hard to follow, but seems, at least, to start by accepting the claim of Jim McDougal, the Clintons' Whitewater partner, that the Clintons put only \$13,500 into the deal. But McDougal now says he was mistaken and agrees with the Clintons' (latest) figure of some \$46,000. So where does that leave Leach?

Leach says he cannot produce all the relevant documents because that might hamper the special prosecutor's investigation. This is rich. The Clintons have been accused, and accused correctly, by Leach among others, of cowering behind the special prosecutor as an excuse not to come clean. But surely it is worse to use the special prosecutor as a shield for making accusations against others without producing the evidence than it is to use the special prosecutor as a shield for the defense against such accusations.

This magazine, unfortunately, has contributed to the media's Whitewater excesses. L.J. Davis's piece two weeks ago on the Rose Law Firm (not unlike the Elizabeth McCaughey piece a while back on Clinton's health plan) creates a general atmosphere of menace and spew

continued on page 4

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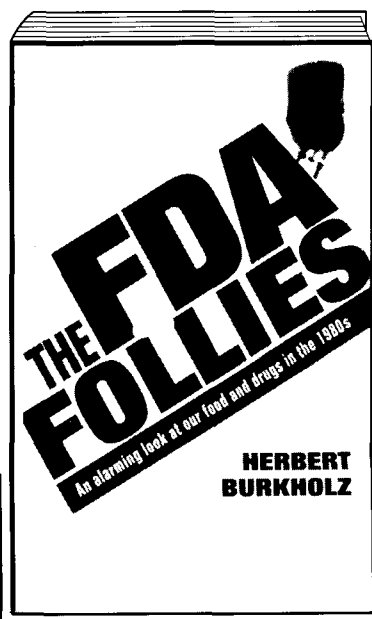


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A Weekly Journal of Opinion

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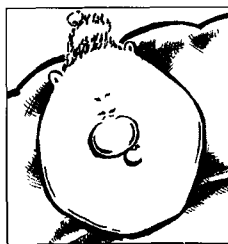
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ISSUE 4,135

- 4 **MICHAEL KINSLEY** TRB: CURIOUS GEORGE From Whitewater to the ridiculous.
- 6 **CORRESPONDENCE** A crime war shoot-out, an Appalachian airdrop &c.
- 9 **THE EDITORS** LOOKING EAST Clinton's Asia conundrum.
- 11 **NOTEBOOK** Clinton Suck-Up Watch, bumps in the night &c.
- 12 **JONATHAN STEVENSON** AFTER YOU'VE GONE: MAD DOG Exit an IRA terrorist.
- 14 **TREVOR NELSON** THE PRESS: A WINTER'S TALE The myth of cold-weather deaths.
- 15 **FRED BARNES** WHITE HOUSE WATCH: KNIVES OUT Whitewater's chilling progress.
- 18 **PAUL OFFNER** DAY CARELESS The next obstacle to welfare reform.
- 19 **TYLER BRIDGES** NEW ORLEANS POSTCARD: THE BIG SLEAZY Governor Edwards's gamble.
- 21 **GERSHOM GORENBERG** BURNING GUSH The religious doctrines of Israel's settlers.
- 23 **RUTH SHALIT** THE BUSINESS OF FAITH Faith Popcorn isn't America's foremost trend-
watcher because she understands consumers. Rather, she sells spiritual succor to
alienated CEOs. A guide to the economics of meaning.
- 30 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: LATE EDITION *The Paper* is slick and speedy.
- 32 **IAN BURUMA** TRADING PLACES *Looking at the Sun: The Rise of the New East Asian Economic
and Political System* by James Fallows
- 38 **ANDREW DELBANCO** SENTIMENTAL EDUCATION *Harriet Beecher Stowe: A Life* by Joan D.
Hedrick
- 44 **ALAN RYAN** THE AESTHETE AND THE MANAGER *The Life of John Maynard Keynes, Volume II*
by Robert Skidelsky
- 47 **ROBERT PINSKY** POEM *If You Could Write One Great Poem, What Would You Want It To Be
About?*
- 50 **WESTON KOSOVA** WASHINGTON DIARIST: PAPER TRAIL

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CORRESPONDENCE

Beefing up

To the editors:

Jeff Hamond argues that raising the gun-dealer license fee from \$66 to \$600 per year will not significantly reduce the number of gun-dealer licenses ("License to Fail," March 21). But here are the facts:

First, more than 70 percent of the nation's 287,000 gun dealers sell fewer than five guns per year, many from their homes or from the trunks of their cars. These dealers will have to raise their prices by more than \$100 per gun just to break even. Such a price increase will undoubtedly reduce the profitability—and hence the number—of gun-dealer licenses.

Second, raising the license fees will provide the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms (BATF) with the resources to do proper background checks and periodic inspections. Currently, less than 10 percent of dealer applicants are personally interviewed. With so many small-volume dealers, the BATF is able to inspect

licenses only once every twenty years. More frequent inspections can have a significant effect on the number of gun dealers. Last spring, for example, BATF agents went door-to-door with NYC police to interview dealer applicants. As a result, 90 percent of the applicants withdrew.

Finally, there's the question of fairness. Nearly everyone agrees that the BATF needs to beef up its inspections of gun dealers. The question is who should foot the bill. Certainly not the taxpayer public.

PAUL SIMON
United States Senator
Washington, D.C.

Police story

To the editors:

It is probably true that 100,000 new police won't work, but not for the reasons Jonathan Rubinstein cites ("Cop-out," March 21). No one is considering dividing up the 100,000 new police evenly among 25,000 departments—i.e., four to bolster New York City's 26,000 officers and four to reinforce Flowery Branch, Georgia's one lone officer. And I'm not sure how Rubinstein's very respected source, David Bayley, came up with only 6.5 percent of an average police force on

patrol at any one time. When I was chief of police in Savannah, Georgia, I came up with 21 percent of my force on the street for the peak crime hours (6 p.m. to 2 a.m.). Also, the acceptance of unqualified personnel in the instances cited by Rubinstein has not been a factor of numbers alone but rather more because political issues such as place of residence, gender and race narrowed the selection pool and overrode reasonable doubts about the candidates. If we were to direct 100,000 new officers to the 200 most afflicted urban areas over a period of five years, we would have a very manageable work load.

Yet what if each of these 100,000 officers made one solid felony arrest per year? Are the judicial and penal systems in place to support those arrests? I think more police chiefs would opt for a criminal justice structure that insured a significantly higher percentage of long-term incarcerations for violent offenders as opposed to more police pumping more people through a system that holds so few. Far too many police officers have had the traumatic experience of arresting the same felon multiple times.

DAVID G. EPSTEIN
Alexandria, Virginia

To the editors:

Jonathan Rubinstein commits a major blunder by assuming that even an adequate increase in the number of police will affect the crime rate. As hard as it is to believe, more police do not mean less crime. In 1991 San Diego and Dallas had about the same ratio of police to population, yet Dallas had twice as much crime reported to the police. Cleveland and San Diego had comparable crime rates, even though Cleveland had twice as many police per capita. Moreover, Washington D.C. has both the highest crime rate and the most police per square foot of any city in America.

Research findings indicate that police discover *in progress* only about 2.5 percent of all crimes. Even if the nation's police forces were doubled from 1 million to 2 million, we could still expect, at best, only a modest decrease in crime. Adding 100,000 new police officers would only reduce the crime rate by about one-quarter of 1 percent. At a cost of \$8.9 billion (about \$90,000 per crime prevented), this does not seem a feasible approach to crime reduction.

RICHARD MORAN
South Hadley, Massachusetts

Not soft

To the editors:

Jeff Leen's article about Janet Reno in Dade County ("Miami Nice," March 21)

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— Peter Passell, *New York Times*

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reveals more about his mindset than it does about Reno's record.

Leen compares the percentage of Reno's losses in nearly 2,000 felony trials in Dade County (40 percent) to the average for the rest of Florida (30 percent). But what does that prove? The conviction rate in Provost, Utah, is probably higher, too. In terms of drug and inner-city street crimes, Dade County cannot fairly be compared to Provost, or to the state of Florida as a whole. Also, how can Reno be accused of spending her "life [as a prosecutor] rendering legal judgments from behind the desk of her quiet office," while in the next paragraph she is depicted walking the streets of Liberty City in the midst of the riots, absorbing the anger and personal threats against her because of the acquittal of officers accused of murdering a minority? On the one hand, Reno is accused of being "soft" on crime by overemphasis on the "causes of crime rather than crime itself"; on the other hand, of being overly tough and zealous in the prosecution of child molester cases.

I served as the head of the vetting team that checked out Reno prior to her nomination. We interviewed more than 130 people from Dade County and other parts of Florida, and we sought out her most vehement critics. The overwhelming sentiment—especially among the bar, police officers and state and local police chiefs—was that she was an extremely effective state's attorney.

LANNY J. DAVIS
Patton, Boggs & Blow
Washington, D.C.

Bad guilt trip

To the editors:

Frank Smyth's specious suggestion that the Grateful Dead has "quite a bit" to do with the issue of mandatory minimums ("Box of Pain," March 21) is a guilt trip by association. Smyth takes on the band for not massively funding a Dead PAC, for not "putting its money where its music is." Apparently, Smyth doesn't know a thing about the Dead's music. He claims that the band used to sing about its own drug use. I've been to many shows over the past twenty-one years, and I've never heard the Dead sing about drug use in any positive or promotional way. Moreover, the Grateful Dead is the only rock band around to found and support a full-time philanthropic organization—the Rex Foundation, which makes annual \$10,000 contributions to Families Against Mandatory Minimums.

Members of the Grateful Dead are first and foremost musicians. Modern culture is full of pseudo-artists who use their fame as platforms for political tem-

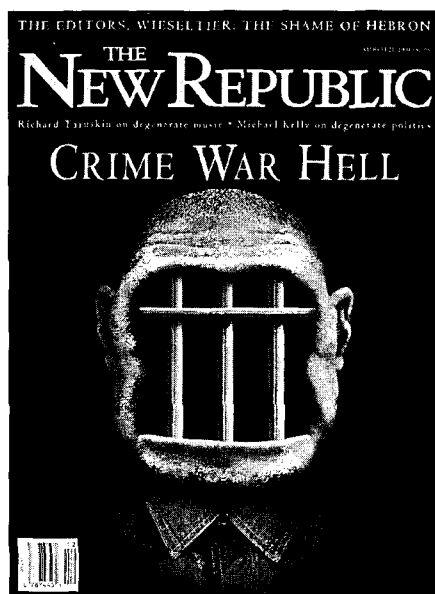
per tantrums. It's true that the Dead—because of its popularity—is in a position to be very influential on nonmusical issues. Yet this is a band that has always been acutely sensitive to this influence and its potential abuses.

PAUL MATULIC
New York, New York

Scapegoating

To the editors:

As a young African American who recently returned from living abroad, I am disturbed by the upswing in anti-Semitism, especially by African Americans. I read Michael Kelly's article ("Howard's End," March 21) hoping to get some insight into the appeal of such



scapegoating of Jews by a young, educated, African American audience. Unfortunately, Kelly failed to offer a single substantive quote from anyone in the audience, so it was impossible to understand the sentiments of not only the one-third of the audience that joined in the anti-Semitic call and response led by the Howard law student, but the thinking of the two-thirds of the audience that presumably remained silent.

LEARNED DEES
Washington, D.C.

Altar ego

To the editors:

In his latest TRB defending the White House Whitewater meetings ("Altman Is Innocent," March 28), Michael Kinsley writes, "It is not good enough to say these meetings were wrong because they created 'an appearance of impropriety.'" This from the champion of the "sleaze

factor" of the 1980s, from a man who lamented ad nauseam that the worst feature of the Washington establishment was not its disdain for illegal activities but its acceptance of sleazy behavior that fell within the bounds of the law. I anxiously await his spirited defense of Ed Meese, Clarence Thomas, Robert Bork, John Sununu, et al. Otherwise, I will be forced to assume that Kinsley has sacrificed his seemingly unshakable commitment to principle at the altar of Clintonism.

JOHN MERLINE
Washington, D.C.

Damage

To the editors:

I was disappointed by your vicious snipe at Brent Staples (Notebook, March 28), whom you call a "political corrector" for his description of Saul Bellow in his memoir, *Parallel Time*. By doing so, you wrongly imply that Staples would want Bellow to be banned from a Boston Library dinner. Staples admired Bellow as a writer, but was disturbed, with some justification, by the portrayal of black characters in Bellow's novels. No one thinks that Bellow should be denied the opportunity for a good meal, but does that mean the racial aspects of Bellow's novels must be beyond criticism? You focus on Staples's description of how he "stalked" Bellow, and while you don't come right out and call Staples violent, the damage is done. You are correct when you point out that in Chicago Saul Bellow was not "high on the list of local dangers." You should realize that Brent Staples was equally harmless.

JOHN K. WILSON
Chicago, Illinois

Glad

To the editors:

As a born-and-bred-in-the-Briar-Patch Appalachian, I am indeed glad to read in Robert Wright's "The Coverage of Happiness" (March 11) that he does not recommend airdrops of Prozac into Appalachia, because the word "airdrops" implies that he himself would never come near this beautiful area of the country. Good.

ISABEL BONNYMAN STANLEY, PH.D.
Johnson City, Tennessee

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- "Lack of insurance coverage may prevent individuals from seeking care. Studies show that uninsured individuals are less likely than privately insured individuals to have a usual source of care, use preventive services, visit a physician and be hospitalized. Uninsured individuals are more likely to report that they have not received needed care.

- Uninsured patients have been found to be up to 4 times as likely as insured patients to require both avoidable hospitalizations and emergency hospital care. Some evidence suggests that uninsured patients may be up to twice as

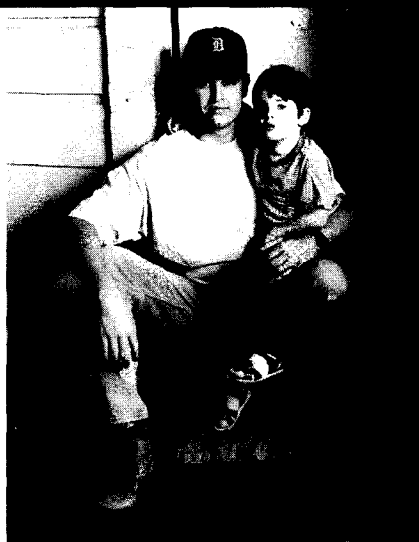
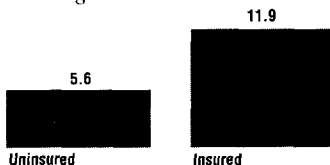


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Uninsured people in fair or poor health get less care.



Average number of medical visits per year for working age adults in fair or poor health.

Source: Freeman et al., Health Services Research Journal, 1990

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APRIL 18, 1994

LOOKING EAST

Doubts about President Clinton's global vision have often been salved with a single word: trade. Granted, coherence has not been the hallmark of American policy in, say, Bosnia. But look beyond all the turmoil, to the gleaming acronyms that Clinton has painstakingly burnished: NAFTA and GATT. These, it is said, will do more than armed struggle to bring regional and global stability in the post-cold war era.

And maybe they will. Still, the use of economics as a foreign policy compass has lately lost some of its appealing simplicity. In North Asia, especially, bothersome questions arise. Should trade (in China) be subordinate to other concerns? How thoroughly (in Japan) should other concerns be subordinate to trade?

Clinton's Japan policy has aroused little Democratic opposition—barely a peep aside from Senator Bill Bradley worrying aloud about “gratuitous brinkmanship.” This near consensus means one of two things: Clinton's policy is intellectually sound and Bradley is confused; or Clinton's policy is politically easy and Bradley is courageous. The latter seems to be the case.

In late March Undersecretary of the Treasury Lawrence Summers explained our Japan policy to a congressional committee: the administration seeks not “managed trade” but rather “to unmanage trade”; it wants “better market access, not specific market outcomes.” He was followed by Undersecretary of Commerce Jeffrey Garten, who began by saying, “I fully endorse everything that Mr. Summers said,” and then listed some American trade demands, such as “significant increases” in the purchase of U.S. auto parts by Japanese carmakers. “In all these areas,” he stressed, “it was an essential element of our proposal that there be concrete commitments and that those commitments be measurable”—which is not, of course, to be confused with “specific market outcomes.”

Now, there is nothing wrong with a little tactical ambiguity in the service of good policy. Is the policy good? It has definitely brought results—piecemeal Japanese concessions prompted by Clinton's threat of trade sanctions under the “Super 301” law. One Japanese company has agreed to build an infrastructure for Motorola cellular phones in the Tokyo area, and our automakers have “voluntarily” agreed to spend specific sums on U.S. auto parts in specific years (again, as distinct from “specific market outcomes”). A *New York*

Times reporter, after an interview with Summers, obligingly wrote that such concessions represent not “managed trade,” really, so much as a kind of “economic acupuncture.” The metaphor could hardly be less apt. Acupuncture, through a few small interventions, is supposed to heal the body as a whole. Our Japan policy, in contrast, has largely given up on systemic change and, in compensation, seeks many small, isolated victories. What's more, and what's worse: these microinterventions may well impede any larger healing.

The best hope for healing currently resides in the person of Morihiro Hosokawa, who, unlike all past Japanese prime ministers, seems truly, ideologically disposed to attacking the core of Japan's malign trade policy: its bias against Japanese consumers. He had some early success—not breathtaking, but noteworthy—in shifting political power toward consumers and tuning regulatory and macroeconomic policy in their favor; he even ended the sacred ban on rice imports. But he faces a fearsome bureaucracy, and his support is fragile and paradoxical; like Americans, the Japanese often favor reflexive nationalism over reasoned self-interest, especially when, as now, economic insecurity reigns. Thus, though Japanese consumer interests sometimes align with U.S. trade goals, Hosokawa must not be seen to serve the latter. When in February he became the first modern Japanese leader to flatly say no to American trade demands, his popularity rose.

Clinton might then have improved prospects for American exports by simply letting Hosokawa return home with this fresh political capital and use it in his uphill battle for the consumer. Instead the president activated Super 301, thus invigorating the very Japanese elements whose influence has been the problem all along. MITI's bureaucrats called for the sort of “concessions” (read: window dressing) that they know so well. A second bureaucracy proudly cut the Motorola deal (a deal that, for all the ballyhoo, will mean a few hundred American jobs, and maybe less; not all Motorola phones sold in Japan are made in the United States). Japanese automakers, with well-ordered spontaneity, made their “voluntary” purchase pledges. It was just like old times—the very times that Clinton has said embody a failed American policy that veritably demanded his “new” approach. And through it all, as Japanese bureaucrats saw their stature



rise, Hosokawa's popularity fell (for several reasons, but almost certainly including the trade turmoil).

The problem with Clinton's trade policy, then, is not merely its noted irony—that in the name of free trade we seek to manage trade. (There surely are cases where managed trade nudges results toward what free trade would have brought.) The problem is that the irony is concrete; Clinton actually aids the forces that have long kept Japan's trade so meticulously and destructively managed. And the issue goes beyond Hosokawa. Whoever is in power, Clinton's trade demands—in their Kantoresque stridency, and in their aspects of micro-management—will tend to alienate our natural allies, Japanese consumers, and push our enemies, the bureaucrats, toward center stage.

And this, mind you, assumes that the Clinton policy "works"—that satisfactory concessions are forthcoming. So far Clinton has gotten much less than he demanded. What to do? Retaliate and risk a trade war, or feign satisfaction and thus admit that we were bluffing?

Much the same question hovers over China, where threats of trade sanctions have met with conspicuous defiance. Secretary of State Warren Christopher, told by the Chinese to shut up about human rights, chose to keep talking, and rightly so; leaving aside the sheerly moral arguments, there is practical reason to remain a beacon of hope for Chinese dissidents. Namely, today's dissident may be tomorrow's leader. The democrats will probably triumph in China, and it is both right and smart to strengthen our natural bond with them. Still, America must do something else, too: make their triumph as likely as possible. Which brings us to the trickier question of whether Christopher's proper indignation should include the threat to withdraw most favored nation status.

The issue is often caricatured—cast as a debate between those who say free politics inevitably blossom amid free markets and those who say we can't count on that. Well, obviously, we can't *count* on it, or on anything else in this world. The question, rather, is whether the continued growth of China's market economy, and its nourishment via trade, make political freedom more probable. A negative answer has grown vividly untenable of late. Any nation that seeks to be capitalist and competitive (that is, that seeks to be competitive) must widely distribute the power to communicate—computers, modems, printers and plain old telephone lines. China's leaders seem to see this. They just signed a microchip deal with Intel, and they plan to install up to 80 million phone lines within six years. What they may not see is that they are weaving their noose, that the means of economic contact are the means of political coalition.

The technologically tightened correlation between political and economic liberty has seen striking affirmations lately, two of them—South Korea and Taiwan—in China's neighborhood and one of them China itself. China is not now freer than the day before the Tiananmen Square massacre, but it is freer than the day after, and, moreover, much freer than a quarter-century ago, before Western economic theory insidiously took root.

(The one recent dissent on this point, an Asia Watch report finding escalated repression, relies on quantitative indices, and largely reflects the sheer availability of such data in China today—another tribute to the subversive force of technology.)

Exceptions to the trend remain, most obviously Singapore. Still, the odds are that ongoing economic development, including brisk American trade, will be euthanasia for China's gerontocracy. The Clinton administration can and should persist in its full-throated disdain for Chinese oppression, and should aggressively use various forums, including the U.N., to drive the message home. But it makes little sense to warn the oppressors that, if they don't shape up, we'll refuse to send in our Trojan Horse.

Successful moral suasion through economic sanction is not, of course, unheard of. But the clearest example, South Africa, is here a misleading model. The world could never muster for the vast market of China an economic isolation comparable to that inflicted on tiny South Africa. And even if it could, the result would likely be less successful. Beijing's repression, alas, is not as unstable as Pretoria's. Absent the sort of well-formed insurrection that predated the South African sanctions, isolation is as likely to harm as to help. Ask the people of Cuba or North Korea.

The Clinton policies in Japan and China are united by the nature of their error. First, both policies are rhetorically easy, even inspiring, in the short run. But suppose Clinton's first term expired in 2006, rather than in 1996, and he aimed to then show us an economically more liberal Japan and a politically more liberal China. Would he still be playing Clint Eastwood in the Far East?

Second, in both cases Clinton made threats without, apparently, pausing to ask if they were idle. Bluffs work fine until they are called, after which they can be calamitous, as credibility drops in the eyes of the whole world. In both China and Japan the bluff is close to being called. True, both nations are smart enough to let Clinton save some face with vague or token concessions but both, along with everyone else, will see that he is losing some face (unless he retaliates as threatened which we don't recommend).

Third, Clinton's focus has been strikingly narrow. We've refrained from echoing standard concerns about handling North Korea without help from China and Japan. But the concerns are sound, and the stakes in North Korea are larger than a few hundred jobs.

Finally, and oddly, there is in both cases a failure to see what a precious commodity trade is. Here is a president who has staked much of his foreign policy on the benign power of economic exchange, yet who, in so casually threatening to rend its fabric, seems unaware of just how benign the power is. Trade is not only a material good; it is a moral good. It can (as in China) feed the economic freedom that feeds political freedom, and it can (as everywhere) bind nations into a web of pacifying interdependence. Plutonium isn't what makes North Korea scary; plutonium plus economic and cultural isolation is. •

NOTEBOOK

CLINTON SUCK-UP WATCH: "To watch this president connect with people emotionally is an awesome thing. It's a raw, needy, palpable, electrifying thing that happens. There was no smile. It's as if he's soaking up the people like he's soaking up the sun, with the warmth pouring deep and direct into his political soul and recharging him, refilling him somehow once again with his own humanity and some sense of his role in the destiny of his country."—Phil McCombs, *The Washington Post*, March 30

KNOCK, KNOCK, WHO'S THERE? What would you do if halfway through his story on Arkansas business and politics, a reporter for your magazine got conked on the head in his Little Rock hotel room? That's what happened to L.J. Davis, reporting the article "The Name of Rose" (TNR, April 4). TRB, in his defense this week of principled journalism, argues that you should shoehorn the incident into the story, and hype it for all its worth. But what if the reporter himself claims he remembers nothing about the incident, except waking up four hours later, and that he doesn't want to cast suspicions on anyone? Our view is that you let the matter rest and focus on the story itself. Alas, slews of right-wing journalists have seized on the incident for their own political agenda (as TRB does for his). But they're not Davis and they're not TNR. Davis himself has made no effort to advertise the story, and has simply repeated what happened when asked. His doctor has confirmed the bump on the head. That's all we know, too. It's hard to see why these facts would cast doubt on the credibility of our reporter or the truth of his story. Davis's response to his Arkansas critics (and TRB) on the substance of his piece will appear next week.

GERALD HIGHT, RACIST-AT-LAW: A few weeks ago the Michigan Court of Appeals said a defendant's

business cards could be admitted as evidence of his racist attitudes under the Michigan ethnic intimidation law. The case arose in a convenience store, where a white defendant, Gerald Hight, taunted and hit a white customer and his black girlfriend. There is plenty of good evidence that Hight chose his victim on the basis of race. For starters, he said it was "disgusting to see a white man come in with a ... nigger bitch." But the court went one step further, rummaging through the defendant's possessions to find some white supremacist business cards to help prove his guilt. This is the kind of unnecessary and dangerous intrusion that has led us to worry about broadly

worded hate crimes bills. Of course, things could be worse. Hight's business cards could have had dirty jokes scrawled on them. By the court's logic, that might have made him liable for a sex crime as well.

LIGHTS, CAMERA, BOOK: We're very pleased to announce the publication by The Johns Hopkins University Press of Stanley Kauffmann's *Distinguishing Features*,

his sixth collection of film writings. You read it all—except for one piece—here first. And you read some of the essays collected in Roger Rosenblatt's *The Man in the Water*, just out from Random House, here, too. Congratulations to two of our longest-running contributors.

OUT OF AFRICA:

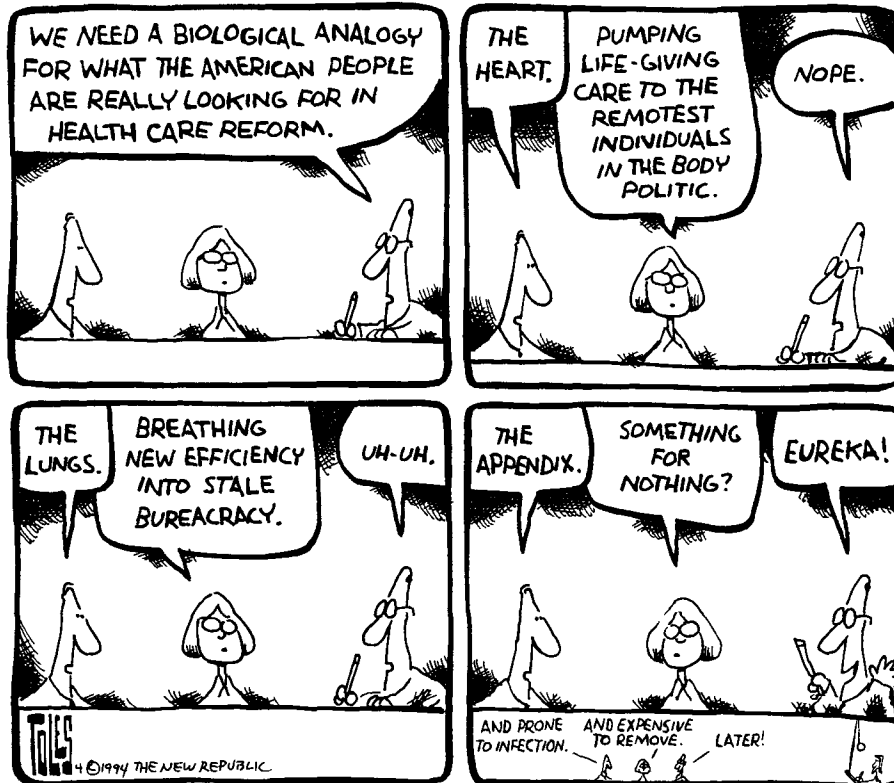
Study says incomes down one-fifth in African nations

—*The Philadelphia Inquirer*, March 13

Africa's Economies: Reforms Pay Off

—*The New York Times*, same day

(Thanks to Daniel Pipes, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.) •



AFTER YOU'VE GONE

MAD DOG

By Jonathan Stevenson

In 1984 Dominic "Mad Dog" McGlinchey made Irish legal history by becoming the first man extradited to Northern Ireland to face prosecution for politically motivated offenses. In granting extradition, the Republic of Ireland dissolved the old distinction between political mischief and criminal violence. On February 10, after a lifetime of lasting contribution to Hibernian jurisprudence, McGlinchey was rewarded with ten point-blank shotgun blasts while exiting a telephone booth in Dundalk, Ireland. He was 39.

By legend and probable deed, McGlinchey was the most dedicated and prolific "soldier" in Northern Ireland's Catholic revolt against British rule. He admitted to having killed more than thirty people. But in life as well as law, he was a sensitive, misunderstood Irish patriot. He swore he "took no pleasure" in killing people for a united Ireland. Not everyone agrees. Paddy Joe McClean, a republican activist and former cellmate, perceived "little interest in politics" on McGlinchey's part and has speculated that he might actually have enjoyed committing acts of violence.

There was seemingly no end to the sacrifices McGlinchey would make for the cause. He grimly expressed remorse after he killed a Protestant policeman he knew from boyhood. But, ever the philosopher, McGlinchey refused "to be blackmailed by the grief of children." In fact, he noted, "the only way to end repression in the north is through violence." He took solace in the fact that his work would make Ireland better for future generations.

And vigorous work it was. In 1971, at age 17, McGlinchey left his job as a mechanic to join the Provisional Irish Republican Army. He planted bombs, he claimed, in every town in Northern Ireland. In 1977 he got caught and went to jail, where he decided "the lads" weren't enterprising enough. Consequently, he signed on with the breakaway Irish National Liberation Army (INLA). On release from prison in 1982, he became the INLA "chief of staff" and imposed "direct military rule." Under his stewardship, the organization expanded its horizons beyond security personnel, killing three church elders in a mission hall and six civilians in a disco bombing (eleven British soldiers were also killed; sixty-six patrons were injured). "My track record is good," he once commented, "on avoiding civilians being killed."

His extradition proved that easy cases make good law—there was no reason political intent should bar his prosecution in Belfast for the murder of a 63-year-old grandmother, even if she had made the mistake of allowing her son to become a part-time cop. But as it happened, McGlinchey, despite strong forensic evidence, overcame the Belfast murder conviction. Forthwith, he was convicted in Ireland of other violent crimes, and stayed in prison for the next nine years.

Shortly after his release in March of 1993, McGlinchey was shot in the head and arm, only to survive and wait for the inevitable coup de grace. The funeral in his home town, Catholic-dominated Londonderry in Northern Ireland, drew 1,500 mourners and prompted security measures worthy of a head of state. Bernadette Devlin McAliskey, a republican leader and former M.P., eulogized, "This was the finest republican of them all. This man never in his whole life dishonored the cause." Father Michael Flanagan, McGlinchey's parish priest, was especially elegant. "There's a little bit of good in the worst of us, and a little bit of bad in the best," he preached. "Dominic McGlinchey has come home."

These remarks contrasted somewhat with McGlinchey's neighborhood image. One shopkeeper assessed his persona this way: "He was a man of few words. He had an evil, horrible-looking face." McGlinchey's reputation obscured his true appearance, however—he actually looked more like Bob Newhart than the Phantom of the Opera. But every side wants its own mad dog; indeed, the Protestant paramilitaries' top killer goes by the same name.

A list of suspects in the McGlinchey murder would read like a suburban telephone book. One rumor has it that loyalist paramilitaries shot him because he was raising a renegade army of IRA stalwarts disgusted with Sinn Féin's recent flirtation with peace. In another scenario, a Catholic family exacted revenge over an internal punishment killing. To most people it doesn't matter. They have come up with unified cosmic explanations like "what goes around comes around" and "he lived by the gun and died by the gun." The overwhelming sentiment is relief, but nobody will say so publicly.

This is not the first death in the McGlinchey family. Seven years ago his wife, Mary, also a devout terrorist, was shot dead as she bathed their two sons. Their elder son, 16-year-old Dominic Junior, saw both his parents brutally executed—he was waiting in the car while his father went to the pay phone. Though he's given no hint as to his future plans, it would come as no surprise if he were to follow in his parents' footsteps. As *The Belfast Telegraph* ingenuously pointed out, "Those bereaved . . . will find little consolation in his death."

The service for Dominic McGlinchey was closed-casket.

JONATHAN STEVENSON is writing a book about Somalia.



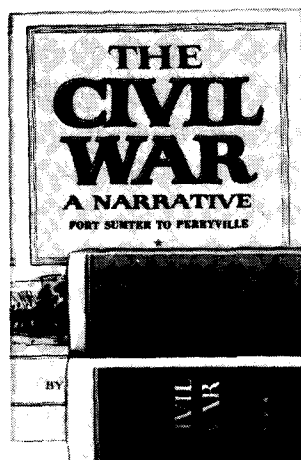
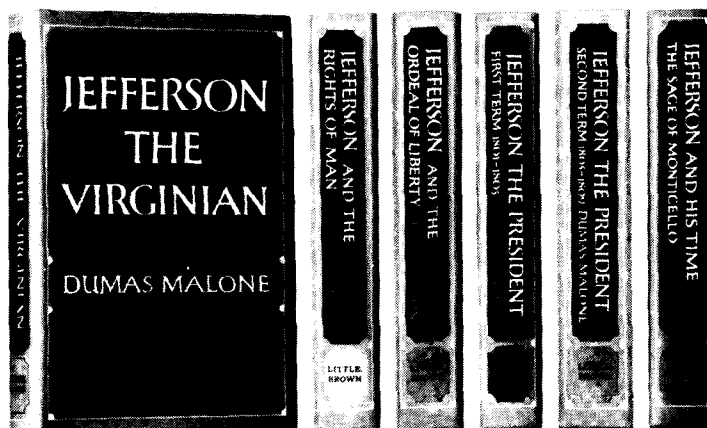
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A WINTER'S TALE

By Trevor Nelson

On Sunday, February 13, readers of *The New York Times* woke to a blizzard of metaphors swirling about the front page. The words were accumulating in a story on the latest winter storm to wander through New York. Keeping in line with the media's penchant for hyperbolic meteorological reportage, the lead went as follows:

Downed by the one-two punch of snowstorms this week—just the latest in a flurry of a dozen blows so far this winter—residents of the New York metropolitan region began to struggle to their feet yesterday.

The *Times* story was no exception. Crazy storm coverage dominated the national and local press this winter. Perhaps the most hysterical aspect of this hysterical season was the count of storm-related deaths. By winter's close on March 20, news organizations had attributed at least 113 deaths in the eastern half of the United States to bad weather. A daunting number, to be sure, but one that is utterly spurious.

These tales of peril are not the stuff of Jack London. Rather, the mundane truth is that most "storm-related deaths" only happen to occur during or shortly after a storm. With heart attacks and car accidents lurking behind the vast majority of weather-related deaths, the relationship between the storm and the fatality is often tangential at best.

The putative arbiter of such matters is the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta. But a phone call to the CDC reveals that the agency has no standard definition of a storm-related death. Researchers studying weather-related morbidity at the CDC explain that, because meteorological disasters come in so many shapes and sizes, it is difficult to arrive at a definition that transcends the nuances of various storms. So, in the absence of a rigorous definition, the CDC classifies a death as storm-related if it can be determined that the death would not have occurred had there not been a storm. That criterion sounds sensible enough—until it is put to work.

Suppose it is snowing, and I become concerned that there's a leak in my basement. I head downstairs to check on the situation but trip on my shoelace, fall and die. Would such a death qualify as storm-related? CDC epidemiologist Dr. Josephine Malilay assured me it would. No storm, no journey downstairs, no death. But what if I had also wanted to check on the laundry?

"There are a lot of gray areas," she conceded.

Fuzzy definitions reign supreme in the realm of weather-related morbidity. As a CDC report on a December '92 nor'easter concluded: "Although the findings of mortality surveillance suggest that the public health impact of this storm was minimal, the media reported considerably more deaths than did the [medical examiners]." The article, published last year in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, suggested that the discrepancy could be due to the lack of a widely accepted definition of weather-related deaths.

Some winter mortalities can be categorically described as weather-related. For instance, on December 11, 1992, Maritza Pardo, a 38-year-old New Jersey woman, died after the roof of an apartment building blew off in high winds and crushed her. Such clear-cut cases are extremely unusual, however. Far more typical are the circumstances surrounding the death this winter of Robert Rowe, a 64-year-old homeless man in Toledo, Ohio. Rowe's snow-covered body was found in late December just blocks from a homeless shelter. At the time, local news reports claimed he had frozen to death; accordingly, he was counted among the weather-related dead. But when I called to inquire about Rowe's autopsy results, Lucas County Coroner James Patrick told me the news accounts were wrong. "Robert Rowe had sufficient heart disease to have caused his death," the coroner said. "The freezing was postmortem."



Part of the problem underlying the storm-related death count is that no single agency is responsible for expeditiously determining the relevant number of dead. "There's a lot of fire departments and hospitals playing coroner," Scott Carrier, a spokesman for the regional coroner's office told *The Los Angeles Times* after the Southern California earthquake in January. The same is true for winter storm deaths. CDC officials told me that they initially consult local news reports when tallying storm mortalities. Such an approach seems foolish given that CDC studies routinely call into question the accuracy of media-generated death tolls.

Indeed, the CDC has had ample time to come up with sensible guidelines for classifying these deaths. In 1979 epidemiologist Roger Glass penned what is still regarded as the classic work on weather-related morbidity. Published in *The American Journal of Public Health*, the study documented the public health consequences of the Massachusetts blizzard of 1978. His conclusion "The daily number of deaths recorded . . . in the week after the storm was not significantly different from the number in the preceding week." Moreover, Glass argued that, due to the highly publicized nature of disaster death counts, one agency should be charged with collecting the numbers—advice that fifteen years later remains unheeded.

So how did the storm-related death come to take on life of its own? Certainly, storms are the quintessential nonstory. Pity the poor reporters assigned to cover them; well-placed weather-related morbidity can mak

just the difference in an otherwise drab article. Similarly, an exaggerated death count vindicates the time we all spend watching winter weather reports. The scary figures prove that the meteorological event *was* worthy of our attention.

It is possible, however, that the specious numbers stem from a more lurid motive. Many life insurance policies pay double, and sometimes triple, indemnity for deaths caused by accidents. If a person dies from a heart attack or reckless driving, it is unlikely that an insurance company would deem the circumstances accidental. Enter the storm. By placing a policyholder's death into the weather-related camp, a beneficiary could stand to gain a considerable sum of money.

Regardless of what prompted the loose definition of storm-related casualties this winter, the assignation of blame is unjust. If cardiac arrest claims a snow-shoveling victim, Mother Nature is probably less to blame than Father Time.

TREVOR NELSON is a producer for Monitor Radio in Boston.

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

KNIVES OUT

By Fred Barnes

Hillary Rodham Clinton was right. Appointing a Whitewater special prosecutor, she argued in January, would bring short-term gain but long-term pain. All too soon her words proved prophetic. The meager gain soon faded (once Robert Fiske was named, Clinton couldn't be accused of blocking an independent probe). But the pain seems endless, and the Clinton administration will never be the same again. Its pattern of governing has been disrupted. Allies are at odds: for example, George Stephanopoulos and his ex-protégé, Josh Steiner, Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen's chief of staff. Many at the White House are furious at Deputy Treasury Secretary Roger Altman. The First Lady is in a snit, spurning advice from old friends. The president is outwardly calm, but seething inside.

The president insisted at his March 24 press conference he isn't preoccupied with Whitewater. "Our administration is preoccupied with the business we were sent here to do for the American people," he said. Nonsense. Since Fiske subpoenaed a half-dozen White House and four Treasury officials on March 4, the focus

on Whitewater has become obsessive—and divisive. Those summoned to the grand jury hired attorneys, and instantly it was every man for himself. "You try to do your work," one of those subpoenaed told a friend, "but you can't stop being consumed by the need to come out of this with your name intact."

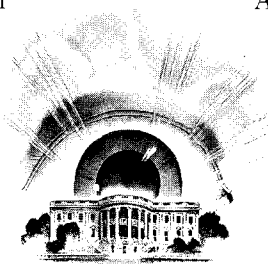
How divisive is the atmosphere? Well, Stephanopoulos, the president's closest adviser, and Harold Ickes, the deputy White House chief of staff, were livid when Altman recused himself from the Resolution Trust Corporation's investigation of Madison Guaranty, the failed savings and loan owned by James McDougal, the partner of the Clintons in Whitewater. (Altman is acting RTC chief.) Stephanopoulos and Ickes were incensed that Altman made the move without consulting or notifying them. That disagreement, which occurred February 25, turned out to be minor compared with what followed.

Civil war broke out among Clinton aides on March 25 when word leaked of separate phone calls by Stephanopoulos to Altman and Steiner. On one call, Stephanopoulos was joined by Ickes. The subject: the selection of ex-U.S. Attorney Jay Stephens, a fierce critic of Clinton, to pursue a civil RTC case against Madison Guaranty. The leak made it sound as if Stephanopoulos and Ickes, whose objections to Stephens were perfectly legitimate, had obstructed justice by seeking to have Stephens fired. White House aides blamed Altman for the leak, and they were angered all the more when Altman didn't step forward publicly to absolve Stephanopoulos and Ickes. Now he has, sort of. "No one, specifically George or Harold, did anything wrong," Altman told me from his vacation home in Wyoming. "Their reaction [to Stephens's hiring] was natural." Asked if they had pressured him to fire Stephens, Altman wouldn't answer. But he denied having leaked. "I did not originate it," he said. "I would never gratuitously create problems for them."

The White House complaint against Altman and Steiner is that they're pursuing their own interests. True, but this was inevitable once the special prosecutor began investigating the Clinton administration in Washington (as well as what Governor Clinton did in Arkansas). Soon, White House officials and others were, as one adviser says, "running scared. They see their reputations going down the drain." They worry about who's leaking, who's talking to Fiske, who's ratting. This makes normal civilities difficult. Is it possible for White House officials and Altman, once a favorite of the president and Hillary Rodham Clinton, to have a close working relationship? At the moment, no. But Altman said he intends to repair things and "we'll be able to get back to real work."

Clinton didn't help ease the tension inside the administration with his carefully worded answers at his press conference. Asked about an alleged attempt to stop RTC investigators from citing Whitewater in their criminal referral on Madison Guaranty, Clinton said: "I

continued on page 18



**DEFENSE LEADERS AGREE FOUR CAPABILITIES
WILL BE CRITICAL TO AMERICA'S SECURITY
OVER THE NEXT TEN YEARS.**



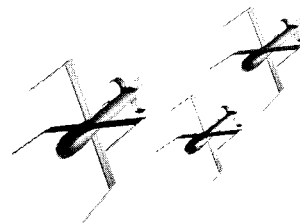
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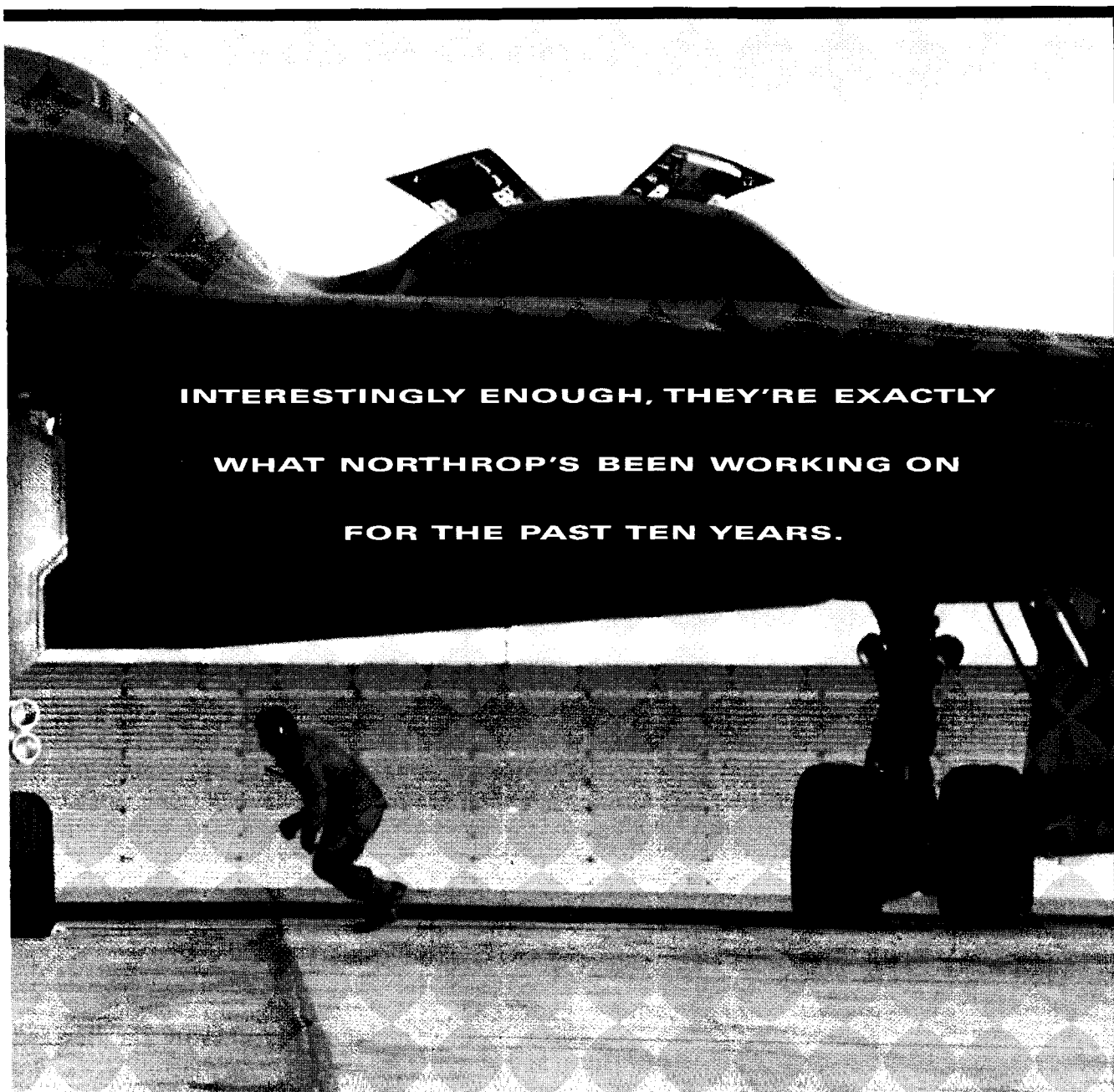
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can tell you categorically I had no knowledge of this and was not involved in it in any way, shape or form." Notice that Clinton didn't say no one had interfered improperly, only that he hadn't. This isn't the way to persuade subordinates their loyalty will be reciprocated. Nor did he rush to defend Stephanopoulos.

By other measures, though, the press conference was a success: it jacked up the president's approval rating and gave Democratic members of Congress returning home for the Easter recess a strong Whitewater defense. Clinton had feared Congress, reacting to public disgust over Whitewater, would cut loose from him. That's not likely to happen now. Media adviser Mandy Grunwald gets credit, since she was insistent Clinton hold the session in prime time. Clinton and his aides were thrilled by the surge in polls. Approval of his handling of Whitewater jumped from 32 percent (March 7) to 54 percent (March 27) in a *Washington Post*-ABC News survey. The Clintonites were further buoyed when the president, after leaving Washington for Dallas and San Diego, got the shouted question, "Is Whitewater now behind you?"

One goal of the East Room press conference was to change the subject from Whitewater. Deputy communications chief David Dreyer and Donald Baer, the new speechwriter fresh from *U.S. News & World Report*, drafted an opening statement on "the real work we are getting done on behalf of the American people." Clinton gave a laundry list, including health care reform, job retraining and a crime bill. "The American people should know that I and my administration will not be distracted," he declared.

What happened at the press conference—twenty-three straight minutes of questions about Whitewater—was proof the issue will continue to distract. Further proof came two days later when the story broke about Stephanopoulos's phone calls to Treasury. It dominated the news over Palm Sunday weekend and beyond. Lloyd Cutler, the new White House counsel, found himself besieged by the press at Stapleton Airport in Denver on March 27 (he and his wife were visiting their sons). All the questions were about Whitewater.

Had the Whitewater questions at the press conference been tougher and more pointed, Clinton would have been better off. The media's appetite for Whitewater might have been momentarily sated. As it was, White House aides were surprised at how mushy and respectful the questions were. Clinton was poised to cite specifics, but didn't get to use many of them. He'd been given sample Whitewater answers in a briefing memo by John Podesta, the staff secretary. The president had also practiced Whitewater explanations in a prep session in the Cabinet Room.

The White House is now braced for the long term. The key meeting among senior aides is now held daily at 9:15 a.m. in Podesta's office in the basement of the West Wing. The topic is Whitewater and only Whitewater. Counselor David Gergen attends. So does Stephanopoulos. Their job is damage control, and there's a lot of damage to work on. Hillary Rodham Clinton knew it would come to this. •

Why some mothers can't get off welfare.

DAY CARELESS

By Paul Offner

People may disagree about how to fix the welfare system, but one thing is clear: whatever reforms are adopted, day care services will have to be increased significantly. When the reforms are in place, more than 3 million welfare mothers will be attending school, in job training or in jobs, and they will need someone to look after their kids. Although many of these mothers will rely on relatives and friends, more than 1 million will need publicly financed care, at a cost of \$200 to \$500 per month per child. Currently, the government spends \$2.4 billion on day care. House Republicans would more than double that amount to \$5.8 billion by 1999. The Clinton plan includes a similar increase.

Yet money isn't the only issue; just as important is the question of what kind of day care the government will fund. Bowing to pressure from the National Association for the Education of Young Children and other day care groups, which want to minimize industry competition, many states place restrictions on who can service the poor. These states say they will reimburse only *licensed* providers—e.g., conventional day care centers—even though welfare mothers often prefer to leave their kids with unlicensed providers, such as friends and neighbors. The result is that many mothers stay home and watch their kids themselves.

In Ohio, for instance, day care groups have convinced state officials to make stiff training, staffing and physical site requirements part of the licensing process. Most informal providers in poor areas are unable to meet those requirements. Thus mothers can't leave their kids with a neighbor and have the state pay; they must take them to another part of town and leave them with a provider they don't know. Some decide it's not worth the effort.

Isn't participation in work, school or job training mandatory for welfare recipients? Yes, but a mother who is unhappy about her day care arrangements may refuse to participate even at the risk of losing part of her grant. If she does go, she may perform poorly. So day care woes become a barrier to getting mothers off the dole.

On philosophical grounds, restrictive day care policies run counter to the whole spirit of welfare reform. We are asking welfare mothers to take control of their lives, and yet we are sending them the message that we do not trust them to make proper arrangements for their kids. They can decide how to house their families, how to feed them and when to take them to the doctor.

But when it comes to day care, the state knows best.

There are also practical objections. Most day care providers want clients with regular daytime hours. But welfare mothers, particularly those in the process of pulling their lives together, are anything but regular. They take vocational courses at night, work part-time or try one program for a few weeks and then switch to another. Licensed providers have little interest in such a variable business. The obvious answer is to let these mothers find their own providers—say, neighbors who can be more flexible in offering care. But these neighbors often live in run-down houses in poor areas; they don't have licenses and couldn't get them if they wanted to. So they are ineligible for state payments.

This problem is particularly acute for young mothers, many of whom are reluctant to leave their infants or toddlers with licensed providers they don't know. Only 14 percent of Ohio's teen welfare mothers use publicly financed day care while they are in school, preferring to leave their kids with friends or relatives whom the state won't reimburse. Sometimes these friends and relatives babysit for free, but not always. As a result, some teen mothers drop out of school to take care of their kids.

Fortunately, not all states are like Ohio. California, for example, pays for *any* available day care. Most of its welfare mothers have little trouble finding day care, according to the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation. More than two-thirds of mothers with children under age 6 who are working, in school or in job training use state-funded care.

Why not eliminate day care restrictions? Day care lobbyists cite potential health and safety problems; they worry that children left with friends or neighbors may be abused. If this argument has merit, the law should prohibit *everyone*—not just the poor—from purchasing babysitting services from friends or neighbors. But the argument doesn't have merit. In California there is no evidence that the safety of children is in question. Moreover, withholding state payments from unregulated providers does not stop low-income parents from using such care, as is clear from the example of Ohio's teen parents. It just means that the state won't pay. And it deprives welfare mothers of the help they need.

Children's advocacy groups, such as the Children's Defense Fund, also oppose looser regulations. They want to see a comprehensive network of child development services in every community, and they dislike informal providers who aren't trained care-givers and don't offer an enriched curriculum. It is hard to quarrel with this vision. In an ideal world, every child would have access to such services. Even then, decisions about day care should be left with the family; they should not be dictated by reimbursement policies.

The federal government ought to *encourage* people in low-income areas to get into the day care business, providing them with technical assistance, aiding the development of networks so that backup services are available when they get sick, and providing start-up money.

Many welfare mothers in these neighborhoods could make a living providing day care services, and some could achieve financial independence in this way. Of course, one could imagine a situation where *thousands* of welfare mothers become day care providers. This raises the specter of a "day care economy" in which women stay in their homes, not interacting with the labor market or picking up job skills. While this could happen, it is a long way from today's reality, which finds few welfare mothers becoming providers. In any event, a woman who gets off welfare by taking care of five neighborhood kids is surely setting a better example for her kids than one who sits at home doing nothing.

A strong case can be made that the federal government should override the states' restrictive policies. First, however, we should give the states a chance to fix the problem themselves. George Voinovich of Ohio, William Weld of Massachusetts and many other governors say they are firmly committed to welfare reform. One way they can prove it is to give low-income families the freedom to choose the day care they need.

PAUL OFFNER is a legislative aide to Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. The views expressed here are his own.

NEW ORLEANS POSTCARD

THE BIG SLEAZY

By Tyler Bridges

During his 1983 re-election campaign, Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards confidently predicted victory by saying he couldn't lose unless he was caught "in bed with a dead girl or a live boy." Eleven years later, with another campaign looming, the four-term Democrat is almost as confident, but his chances are less certain. It's not just his abysmal 15 percent approval rating, though that's bad enough. The issues troubling him are old ones, and they are well-known across the state: gambling and ethics.

The most successful practitioner of Huey Long-style populism since the original was gunned down nearly fifty years ago, Edwards, 66, has never hidden his love of gambling: he goes to Nevada at least once a year for high-stakes crap games, and he hosts a weekly poker game at the governor's mansion. No surprise, then, that he was one of the big backers of a move to bring gambling to Louisiana. But now that the first riverboat casinos have hit the water, Edwards sees a link between his personal interests and his political needs. By the October 1995 primary, he predicts, fifteen riverboats and a new New Orleans land casino will have created 150,000

new jobs—a not insignificant number of potential votes. Edwards has also amassed \$3 million in campaign contributions from casino interests and others who need state approvals and permits. That's a lot more than what any of his opponents is likely to raise.

Unfortunately for Edwards, his regard for gambling pales compared to his disregard for the boundaries of ethical conduct. This is a man who is happy to dance along the line separating the appropriate from the inappropriate. Asked about accepting illegal campaign contributions, he once said, "It was illegal for them to give, but not for me to receive." During the '80s he was twice charged with accepting bribes to pay off gambling debts, but trials in 1985 and 1986 ended, respectively, in a hung jury and an acquittal. His foibles are so familiar to Louisiana voters that during his 1991 race against former Ku Klux Klan grand wizard David Duke, pro-Edwards bumper stickers appeared all over the state proclaiming, "VOTE FOR THE CROOK. IT'S IMPORTANT" and "VOTE FOR THE LIZARD, NOT THE WIZARD."

Edwards's latest and most dramatic flouting of ethics involves casino licensing. With gambling on line, anyone lucky—i.e., well-connected—enough to have a license to operate a riverboat casino finds himself besieged by suppliers of everything from food to dice. Would-be suppliers swarm the riverboat licensees like blue flies on road kill. Some might mistake the buzz for hearty jostling among free and equal competitors, but in a state where Edwin Edwards is governor, some companies are more equal than others in bidding for casino contracts.

Take, for example, Juice Systems Inc., Punchline Promotions and Riverboat Merchandising. All three have little or no experience in business, but all landed lucrative deals with riverboat casino companies. Why? Each is owned by one or more of Edwards's four children: Anna, 44; Victoria, 42; Stephen, 39; and David, 34. So there would be no mistaking their political pull, two of the companies submitted solicitation letters listing a contact number of 504-342-5855—the number of the governor's mansion, where Edwards's daughters have been living. (Edwards, of course, appoints the officials who award the riverboat licenses.) In October, after *The Times-Picayune* of New Orleans revealed that Edwards's children won supplier contracts, Baton Rouge District Attorney Doug Moreau announced a grand jury probe.

In November, meanwhile, Edwards admitted that Caesars Palace had flown him and two of his children to Las Vegas for the Riddick Bowe-Evander Holyfield heavyweight fight. In return, each had agreed to gamble \$20,000. In February *The Times-Picayune* reported that three regular players at Edwards's poker game had ties to companies seeking riverboat licenses. Asked about it, Edwards gave a typically flip response. "If I was going to hustle those people, I'd use a more subtle form to do it," he said. "I wouldn't have them show up at the mansion for a poker game."

In March a state tax document showed that a longtime Edwards pal, Billy Broadhurst, stands to make \$350,000 in fees as a consultant for one riverboat casino company. A master wheeler-dealer who was a law part-

ner of Edwards's more than thirty years ago, Broadhurst is best known for being the guy who accompanied Gary Hart aboard the charter boat *Monkey Business* in 1987.

Also in March *The Times-Picayune* discovered that another Edwards crony, Gus Mijalis, will be paid \$26 million in consulting fees by Capital Gaming, an Atlantic City company with the good sense to realize that an out-of-state firm needs a familiar face to do its bidding in Louisiana. Never mind that Mijalis went bankrupt only a few years ago, or that as recently as last year Capital Gaming had no financial support and no experience with riverboats. The company still won a preliminary license from the Edwards-appointed Riverboat Gaming Commission.

In the wake of these allegations, Moreau called Edwards before the grand jury. As this was the twentieth time the governor had testified before such a panel, few batted an eye. Yet the accumulated revelations have taken their toll on Edwards's flagging popularity. Some backers now say that after eighteen years in the statehouse, his act finally may have worn thin.

Still, can Edwards win one last time? The lessons of the last few elections are instructive. Four years after he lost the 1987 governor's race to Democrat Buddy Roemer—the only defeat of his twenty-four campaigns for political office—Edwards mounted a successful comeback. This was largely because Roemer, a smooth, handsome Harvard graduate often likened to Bill Clinton, became the first sitting governor in U.S. history to switch parties—one of many self-destructive acts. The other major candidate in 1991, David Duke, rode a wave of white frustration and forced Edwards into a runoff dubbed the Race from Hell. Backed by a political and media juggernaut, Edwards crushed Duke by 385,000 votes—one of the biggest landslides in history.

Many people believe Edwards's chances for re-election in 1995 depend on who runs against him. Already the race is shaping up to be Race from Hell II. Duke, the candidate Edwards could most easily defeat, now hosts a radio talk show in New Orleans. Though he dismisses the idea of a rematch, he is tempted by the chance to regain political credibility, to gain a widespread forum for his Nazi-inspired ideas and to reactivate his direct-mail money machine. Roemer—now an investment adviser to companies doing business in Mexico—is likely to run again to avenge his 1991 loss. Also, he has presidential fever; he knows he can't get to the White House unless he is elected governor again. Other probable candidates include State Treasurer Mary Landrieu, a Democrat, and Secretary of State Fox McKeithen, a Republican; they plan to run as alternatives to the old faces in the race.

Edwards, naturally, is optimistic about his chances. "I'll end up in a runoff with David Duke," he said recently. "Everybody will have to hold their nose and vote for me again." Maybe, but with the campaign about to get underway, all bets are off.

TYLER BRIDGES is a reporter for *The Times-Picayune* and the author of *The Rise of David Duke* (University Press of Mississippi), which will be published in May.

BURNING GUSH

By Gershom Gorenberg

On a spring morning several weeks after Baruch Goldstein massacred twenty-nine Arabs at the Tomb of the Patriarchs, I sat in Yehudah Etzion's basement office in Jerusalem and read his convoluted response to the killings. Etzion, a broad-shouldered man with a quiet voice and a red beard going gray, is the leader of Hai Vekayam, a small, radical group of religious West Bank settlers that seeks to replace Israel's government with a monarch descended from King David.

Etzion's tract, seasoned with Talmudic terms, argued that "indiscriminate killing of the enemy" is permissible only in war, and that under Jewish religious law, only the regime can declare war. On the other hand, there *was* no regime—for "the Israeli government's last shred of sovereignty over the heart of the Land, patrimony of the Divine Presence, expired" when it signed an accord with the Palestinian Liberation Organization in September. Etzion's conclusion: moral judgments about Goldstein's "act of zealotry" were impossible. Etzion, by the way, knows zealotry from the inside. During the early '80s he was a central figure in the Jewish underground group that plotted to blow up the Dome of the Rock Mosque so that the Jewish temple could be rebuilt.

Another ex-member of that underground, Dan Be'eri, did condemn the massacre in an article for *Nekuda*, the settlers' monthly journal. But Be'eri also tried to understand Goldstein's soul: "This wasn't momentary madness, but an act of despair, of a man who despaired because the majority surrendered Jewish destiny and honor." Since the peace agreement, Be'eri wrote, "visionaries have seen their vision ripped asunder before their eyes." For him, as for Etzion, "desperate action" was predictable.

That's not 20-20 hindsight. Israeli academics and journalists who follow the settlers closely had warned of the danger posed by the religious right. Yet when the murders came, Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin said he hadn't imagined such an event in his worst dreams. Major General Danny Yatom, head of the army's central command, told the Shamgar Commission investigating the massacre that no one could have predicted the insane deed." As he testified, Yatom raised one hand beside his head and turned it, indicating that a switch had flipped in Goldstein's mind.

Why were the government and the top brass so unprepared? Perhaps because Rabin and those around him

are secularists who have never understood the settlement movement's intensely religious faction. These settlers began building communities in the West Bank after Israel's 1967 conquest of the land; today they're a minority among an estimated 115,000 Israelis in the occupied territories. Rabin seems to have regarded them as political activists and nothing more. Like the Likud opposition, they could be more or less ignored as long as he had his parliamentary majority. Followers of the late Meir Kahane, such as Goldstein, were inconsequential—a tiny group with lots of attitude and no backing.

In fact, the most radical of the settlers make up a militant sect, or at least two sects: the Kahanists, and much of the larger settlement movement known as Gush Emunim. They are driven by a consuming faith that the End of Days is at hand and that they are its agents. Many live in West Bank communities of a few dozen or hundred like-minded families. Their debates are often cast in language that nonreligious Israelis—including secular right-wingers—can't penetrate. Their beliefs sanction the use of force. For them, the pact with the Palestinians wasn't a political defeat; it was a theological disaster.

Rabbi Meir Kahane's disciples most resemble a cult. After the rabbi's 1990 death, his devotees split. Those in Kfar Tapuah, a settlement on the mountain highway between Ramallah and Nablus, followed his son, Binyamin Kahane, in creating Kahane Chai—"Kahane Lives." Ehud Sprinzak of Hebrew University estimates that the group has thirty to forty members. The other group to form in the wake of Kahane's death, Kach ("Thus"), has a few hundred members. One Kach stronghold is Qiryat Arba, a Jewish town of 5,000 on the edge of Hebron; Goldstein once represented Kach on the town council.

Kahane's teachings, followers say, are "simply Judaism." Yet Kahane often stood normative beliefs on their head. Traditionally, for instance, a Jew who is honest in business or resists anger "sanctifies the Divine Name"—that is, he shows others the purity of his religion and God. When a Jew is crude, dishonest or cruel, he "desecrates the Name." But for Kahane, God's reputation in the world was purely a function of Jewish might. If Jews were killed, he said, God looked weak; if they were strong, the Name got good press. Letting Arabs remain in the "land of the Jewish people, God's land," was a desecration of the Name, Kahane told me in 1988.

In his 1983 book, *Forty Years*, Kahane laid out his messianic vision. The Holocaust, he said, had been the worst possible desecration of the Name, because Jews had been so weak. God had therefore created the State of Israel to prove His might. He had given the Jews forty years to prove themselves—to create a theocracy, "drive out the Arab ... cleanse the Temple Mount"—before the End. If Jews passed the test, redemption would come peacefully; if not, it would be preceded by a "holocaust, more horrible than anything we have yet endured."

For the believers, with the apocalyptic clock ticking in their ears, the Rabin-Arafat handshake must have been terrifying. Goldstein was a devout Kahane disci-

ple. Be'eri recounts in *Nekuda* that last December Goldstein gave a eulogy for Mordechai and Shalom Lapid, a father and son murdered by Palestinians. "He called for vengeance, and expressed in great sorrow his pained view that because we were apathetic and had refrained from vengeance, we were guilty of their deaths—not on the practical level of deterrence, but on the metaphysical level, before heaven." Eventually, Goldstein chose to right the metaphysical balance.

In early March I received a fax from Gary Cooperberg, P.R. director of Nir yeshiva in Qiryat Arba, commenting on the massacre. His bottom line: Goldstein's "desperate act of love for his people . . . will someday be recognized by all Jews as the turning point which brought redemption upon us."

But Nir, headed by Rabbis Eliezer Waldman and Dov Lior, isn't a Kahanist institution. Waldman is a prominent figure in Gush Emunim, the Believer's Bloc, which began spearheading Orthodox settlement efforts in the territories in 1974. After the Jewish underground was uncovered, Gush Emunim split between moderates and extremists and stopped functioning as an organization. Nevertheless, the name is still used loosely for the movement it created.

The Gush, with thousands of people in tightly knit communities deep in the West Bank and its coterie of prominent rabbis, is the mainstream Orthodox settlement movement. Its leaders often insist they have nothing to do with Kahanism. But the movement also has characteristics of a sect, particularly on its extreme edge. At Goldstein's funeral, he was eulogized by Rabbi Lior, one of the most fanatical clergymen associated with the Gush. Lior has said that medical experiments may be carried out on captured Arab terrorists, and described the 1982 Lebanon War as a supernatural struggle that would "lead to the elimination of all evil in the world."

The Gush's ideology is rooted in the dense writings of Avraham Yitzhak Kook, a Lithuanian rabbi who became a Zionist and immigrated to Palestine around the turn of the century. Most Orthodox rabbis of the time despised Zionists as pork-eating secularists who defied God by trying to establish a Jewish state before the arrival of the Messiah. Kook's solution was to fuse Kabbalah and European nationalism into mystical messianism. For Kook, the Jews' return to their homeland was proof that the divine redemption had begun. Secular Zionists were carrying out God's will—unknowingly, despite themselves—and would eventually return to faith. The Jewish state would be "the foundation of God's throne in the world."

Kook died in 1935. His son, Rabbi Tzvi Yehudah Kook, (who lived until 1982) and the family's disciples kept reading historical events as portents. The Six-Day War of 1967 turned belief into ecstasy: Israel's might and the conquest of the Temple Mount, Hebron and other land promised to the Jews in the Bible proved that history had entered its final, miraculous act. The younger Kook wrote that people "speak of the beginning of redemption. I believe this is already the middle of the redemption. . . . We are in the parlor, not the entry hall."

The Kooks' teachings virtually became official doctrine in Orthodox Zionist bodies such as the National Religious Party. But Gush Emunim's activists make up the inner circle who live the doctrine fully. In its early years, the Gush regularly defied the government to settle in areas that the Labor party, then in power, was willing to trade for peace. When the right-wing Likud took power, the government became the Gush's patron. The partnership, however, seems to have been skin deep—it's doubtful that Menachem Begin or Ariel Sharon shared, or even understood, the Gush's theology.

For such settlers, the pact with the PLO is an earthquake, and it is causing deep fissures. Azriel Ariel, scion of a prominent Gush rabbinic family, has urged the settlers to give up attempts to work with secular society and retreat into their closed communities. Others now say the final redemption will take much longer than expected. Yehudah Etzion claims, believably, that support is growing for his radical group's view that "the present regime is illegitimate."

After the Hebron massacre the Rabin government jailed several Kach and Kahane Chai leaders. The crack-down hardly removed the threat of new violence. The 1980s underground came from the ranks of Gush Emunim, not Kach. One purpose of the Temple Mount plot—not the main one, Etzion says—was to prevent Israel's 1982 withdrawal from the Sinai. The underground also carried out terror attacks on Arabs. Though relatively moderate settlers condemned the group, Menachem Livni, the central figure in the underground, claimed that attacking Arabs had been approved by Waldman, Lior and Rabbi Moshe Levinger, founder of both Qiryat Arba and the Jewish settlement within Hebron.

Another extremist rabbi whose followers have attacked Arabs is Yitzhak Ginsburgh, who heads the yeshiva at Joseph's Tomb, a settler bridgehead inside Nablus. After a rampage by his students in an Arab village, Ginsburgh commented that a "Jew's blood and a gentile's blood are not the same."

Etzion says many of his group's supporters are Ginsburgh students. Asked if there are circumstances in which he himself would support violence, Etzion says "The moment there's Palestinian rule over a square meter of the Land of Israel, that's foreign rule." Then he adds, with the caution of a man who has been imprisoned, "but you won't hear operative conclusion from me."

If the government decides to dismantle settlements settlers might also fight Israeli soldiers. When Cabine ministers called for evacuating the few dozen Jewish families in Hebron, former Israeli Chief Rabbi Shlomo Goren ruled that "one must oppose the criminal initiative to the point of martyrdom." Evacuation of Hebron or other settlements might pass peacefully—or turn into a battle. When "visionaries see their vision ripped asunder," the results can be deadly.

GERSHOM GORENBERG is the op-ed editor of *The Jerusalem Report*.

THE BUSINESS OF FAITH

By Ruth Shalit

On December 19, 1993, a *New York Times* editorial decried the recent increase in domestic cigarette sales. "Certain groups of people are lighting up again," fretted the *Times*. "Possibly, as one student of trends puts it, 'They're sick of being so perfect.'" The *Times* declined to identify the student of trends, but on January 2 she was back. "Rather than pledging to be perfect, more people seem to be indulging in the sybaritic," wrote *Times* reporter Molly O'Neill. "This 'pleasure revenge,' as one trend-watcher calls it, has been noted by everyone from pollsters to ... health club executives." Though O'Neill's front-page, above-the-fold story went on to quote no fewer than twelve experts and executives, all of whom confirmed the ubiquity of pleasure revenge, the identity of the trend-watcher went undivulged.

The *Times*'s source, *TNR* can reveal, was Faith Popcorn, professional futurist. Companies such as IBM, Philip Morris and American Express pay her New York firm, BrainReserve, up to \$1 million to help them formulate marketing plans, develop new products and reposition old ones. In a TrendFlash™ faxed out months ago, Popcorn announced her latest finding:

Faith Popcorn, who first predicted and named the "Cocooning" trend, makes a new prediction for The New Millennium: *Pleasure Revenge*.™ Consumers are having a secret bacchanal, and it will soon erupt big-time. Drinking, smoking, buying furs, eating butter, not running ... self-indulging. Why the big change? We're mad as hell.

Now Popcorn, too, is mad as hell. "It hurts my feelings when they don't credit us," she says. "I mean, is that fair?" Popcorn's chagrin is a mite misplaced. Although she may have recently retreated to involuntary background, a Nexis search puts the number of Popcorn citations at 992 over the past decade. The *Times* alone has sought her out fifty-nine times, divulging her views on everything from throwaway products ("People just don't get attached to things the way they used to") to boxer shorts ("People think, 'Maybe if I wear them, everything will be all right'"). So why the sudden media squeamishness about mentioning her name? "When I hear the name Faith Popcorn, an alarm goes off inside my head," confesses O'Neill. "In the case of pleasure revenge, she coined a phrase that was absolutely perfect. ... However, I did not feel it was incumbent on me

to use her name. She's a fabulous collagist, but I don't think she does any original research."

Recycled or not, Popcorn's insights are in greater demand than ever. Though purists scorn her slickly packaged predictions, Popcorn's clients defend her with a fervor that borders on the evangelical. "What she said to us was very helpful in our thinking and perceiving how we were going to live our lives as a brand," says William Lauder, president of Estee Lauder's *Origins* product line. "The best way for me to describe it is that it was more spiritual than it was practical or technical." "Yes, she's pricey," says Deborah Miller, a vice president at Silicon Graphics. "But this is breakthrough stuff we're talking about." Says James Morgan, vice president of marketing planning at Philip Morris: "She meets with our very top corporate management. She meets with our operating units. She's working on specific brand projects. ... I can tell you generally that she has greatly influenced our product development."

The familiar rap on Faith Popcorn is that she is an old-fashioned scam artist, hoodwinking corporations and journalists with elegant spin on the glaringly obvious. The scarier truth may be that she fills a genuine spiritual gap in corporate America. In an economy where most basic needs are met, Popcorn sells companies a reassuring reason for them to exist. She succeeds not by selling a product of value, but by flattering executives' fantasies about themselves: that their increasingly arcane products actually mean something, that they fill genuine human needs, that they form part of a greater whole. She is the saleswoman of what might be called "the economics of meaning."

The sheer number of Popcorn's trends can be disorienting. Along with pleasure revenge, there's Wildering ("A New Appreciation of Man As a Primal Being, a Return to the Great Outdoors, Capturing the Pioneer Spirit by Testing Physical and Mental Limits"); Fantasy Adventure ("Modern Age Whets Desire for Roads Untaken"); and Icon Toppling, a more alarming variant of Fantasy Adventure ("A New SocioQuake Transforms Mainstream America As the Pillars of Society Are Questioned and Rejected"). Popcorn hones in on such intricacies of demand through a "proprietary methodology," designed to identify "the emerging consumer needs and preferences that will shape the world as it

approaches the next millennium." Her TrendBank consists of twelve trends, each distilled from "thousands of consumer interviews, conducted by BrainReserve-trained facilitators utilizing a patented TrendProbe consumer interview technique." Such perseverance, it seems, is a virtual necessity. "Consumers do not always say what they mean," counsels Popcorn in her book, *The Popcorn Report*. "We have to ConsumerListen to come up with the truth."

Popcorn says she conducts 2,500 to 3,000 interviews per year, but that they are not tabulated in any way and no formal questionnaire is used. This is no accident. "Her trends come out of *McCall's*," chuckles a former BrainReserve staffer. "They come out of *Woman's Day*. They come out of the *Times's* Travel & Leisure section." And of the interviews? "They don't exist. Never did, never will. If you want quantified trend data, you should go to Yankelovich [Partners Inc.]." The former staffer—who will speak only on the condition of anonymity, as he is still close to Popcorn—is unrepentant. "I don't want to blast her too bad," he says. "It's not like she's robbing from children. These are grown businessmen, paying gobs of money for this stuff. They've been doing it for years."

Popcorn disputes the imputation that her methods are less than scientific. "We go out into the culture to interview and observe," she says. "Then we make a leap that is impossible to explain." A call to her office, however, suggests that candor may not be her strong suit. "Faith just gets so many [interview] requests," apologizes Popcorn's press assistant, Mary Kay Moment. "She can't handle all of them. What I'd like to do is fax down some information that we have. Then you can speak with someone else in her office. The quote could be attributable to Faith if you didn't want to use the other person's name." Moment assured me that this economy of scale in quote production was a necessary practice at BrainReserve. "Faith is not personally available to speak with everyone who calls," she explains. "But we do like to help everyone out. This is one of the ways we've found that works."

When she's not spinning reporters, Popcorn is "Brailing the Culture," conducting an "ongoing media analysis ... a constantly updated scan of 300 publications." In her book Popcorn reprints the BrainReserve Reading List: "a selection of what we read daily ... to look for support of trends and contradictions, flip-sides and sidelights." Since THE NEW REPUBLIC tops the politics section of this list, I figured I'd have no trouble landing an interview with Popcorn. I was wrong. "She's consulting with her P.R. people," explained Moment, apologizing for the week-long delay of my request. "I'm afraid she's just not familiar with your publication."

It's these sorts of miscues that make Popcorn's trend-spotting arch rivals see red. "She can't hold a fucking candle to us," fumes a Yankelovich forecaster. "I don't think she has an original thought in her head. She can't wait to get our material and steal it! We called it 'The Return to the Home' four years before anyone mentioned Cocooning. We called it 'The Non-Meal Meal'

before anyone called it Grazing. She calls it Pleasure Revenge; we called it 'Occasion-Based Bliss.' We're pretty good at this. But she's the best-marketed thing I've ever seen in my life." Peter Francese, publisher of *American Demographics*, is also a tad touchy on the subject of Popcorn. "I have spoken to my staff about people like Ms. Popcorn," he says. "We have discussed this around the office at some length. I've been doing this for fifteen years now. Carefully drawn random samples. Carefully worded interview questions. Detailed analysis. Carefully fact-checked stuff. And to see [Popcorn] quoted again and again drives me up the wall." Francese says he has resigned himself to the fact that there is no stopping her. "I've sat next to people at conferences, vice presidents of advertising at large corporations, who say, 'I don't need to read your magazine! I get all I need from Faith Popcorn.' There's clearly no convincing them."

Or, it seems, the national media. Though critics have for years assailed her methodology, her results and her chutzpah, no hatchet job can fell her. As far back as 1987, *Newsweek* complained that although Popcorn's predictions provided merely "a blinding glimpse of the obvious," she seemed to have become "the most quoted woman on the planet." That year, Popcorn racked up fifty-eight Nexis hits. Since then, the media—*Newsweek* included—has continued to consume her quotes by the handful; last year, her Nexis tally was 203. At some news outlets, this has prompted soul-searching. "There isn't a policy against Popcorn, but there is now a strong feeling," says one *Times* staffer. Despite this feeling, the *Times* has recently devoted no fewer than four articles to Popcorn and her predictions of pleasure revenge: first on October 18, 1993 ("According to trend forecaster Faith Popcorn, consumers who were once cocooning are now 'burrowing,' and will be seeking pleasure revenge"); then on December 18, 1993 ("I call it pleasure revenge," said Faith Popcorn, a New York marketing consultant"); again on January 27 ("Faith Popcorn, founder of BrainReserve ... says, 'We are looking at an entirely new trend, what I call pleasure revenge'"); and finally, on March 20 ("Pleasure Revenge ... is a term coined by Faith Popcorn, a specialist in identifying business trends"). No wonder O'Neill was embarrassed.

Multimillion-dollar corporations, meanwhile, continue to hang on Popcorn's every word. Current clients include BMW, Reebok and IBM—institutions not known for their green horn credulity. Business, says Popcorn, is "fantastic"—35 percent over break-even last year, 50 percent the year before. Since its founding in 1974, BrainReserve's ranks have swelled from two to forty employees. The company now pulls in \$20 million annually. *The Popcorn Report*, a 266-page paean to Popcorn's own genius and that of her trend-watching employees, has been published in fourteen countries and is available in eight languages. Combined sales exceed 250,000 copies. "Trends Vor Overmorgen!" bellow the jacket covers that decorate her office. "Der Popcorn-Rapporten!" "Futuro Cor

Visto!" "Der Nostradamus Von Marketing!"

In the austere '90s, how do chief executives justify their reliance on Popcorn's expensive advice? "Faith is a little different than other consultants," burbles Francis Lanine, director of marketing for the \$20 billion food conglomerate Con-Agra. "She doesn't present her market research data in bland ways. She has a way of making it dramatic." Popcorn's trends may reveal nothing about the hopes, fears and secret yearnings of consumers; but they reveal everything about the hopes, fears and secret yearnings of corporations. She's the purveyor of meaning to alienated CEOs, a guru of reassurance in the boardrooms of America. They may not be saved, but at least they can be on-trend.

Faith Popcorn, née Faith Plotkin, found fame as a guru in the mid-1980s, after social forecaster John Naisbitt dropped from view amid allegations of résumé inflation. In his 1982 *Megatrends*, Naisbitt had lectured about segmented polycephalous networks and the need to fore-shorten the information float, all the while begging the indulgence of "those ... who would criticize me for describing the world in terms that are too simplistic." Popcorn harbored no such qualms. Having decamped to BrainReserve from Smith-Greenland advertising agency, she applied her talent for sound bites to defining trends. "Clients were not really getting the kind of answers I thought they deserved," she explained in 1988. "I saw that in order to solve a client's problem, you had to tell them which way the world was going."

Her first contribution to the marketing lexicon was "cocooning." Rather than venturing out into a world full of violence and AIDS, she predicted in 1987, consumers would snuggle in with upscale take-out and a video. Like any good marketer, Popcorn saw a commercial opportunity in the new social behavior. "The successful companies will be the ones that know how to penetrate the cocoon," she said at the time, citing plunging restaurant sales as evidence of the need for her services. Today, sales of out-of-home food and bev-

erages are at record levels, inching up to \$27.3 billion last year. But far from admitting that cocooning is not holding quite the sway over the '90s that she hoped it might, Popcorn is blithely forecasting even more mole like activity. "Cocooning is moving into a new, more advanced phase we call Burrowing," she says. "Wandering cocoons. We're in the car with a VCR, a fax and a microwave. Socialized cocooning. We're inviting friends over." Cocooning, says Popcorn, "is a trend that's evolving and evolving and evolving."

It's not the only one. Though BrainReserve literature alludes to a TrendBank that is "constantly monitored"

and "updated daily," Popcorn's trends have a habit of repeating themselves. Throughout the late '80s Popcorn trumpeted a trend she called the Conscious Consumer ("Customer Pressure Will Manipulate Marketing Managers To Rethink Business Ethics"). This was itself an incarnation of an early-'80s trend called Fight Back ("As Consumer Concerns Increase, Complaints Will Rise"). Today she touts something called the Vigilante Consumer ("The Consumer Manipulates Marketers and the Marketplace Through Pressure, Protest and Politics"), a trend hailed in the media as a revelation. "MARKETING GURU: HEED CUSTOMERS," announced a recent *Chicago Tribune* headline.

To be sure, some trends do get retired eventually. Popcorn's announcement in 1989 that instead of jogging, we would all be Roving—walking, running, then stopping—proved a dud. Something ominously titled The Matriarchal Swing also proved a flop in boardrooms. But most just get repackaged, retitled and trotted out anew. What Popcorn now calls EgoNomics ("Sterile Computer Era Breeds the Desire To Make a Personal Statement") used to be The Drive To Be Different. Before that, it was The Personal Touch. Popcorn also touts 99 Lives ("Too Fast a Pace, Too Little Time. Causes Societal Schizophrenia and Forces Us To Assume Multiple Roles and Adapt Easily"). Previous incarnations of 99 Lives include

continued on page 28



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC



Top: John Todd, Sheila Skillman. Bottom: T.J. Seibert, Jay Skalka.



NO ONE FLIES ALONE.

One person can't build a 747. Or the AWACS. Or a Space Station. These are massive enterprises that require teamwork on a grand scale. Many individuals. Many companies. Many countries. We see two lessons in this fact. The first is about limits: One person, alone, can't do all we need to do. The second is about possibilities: Working together, we can do almost anything.

BOEING

Acceleration Syndrome; Time Wars; and, in the early '80s, simply Convenience. Fantasy Adventure ("Modern Age Whets Our Desire for Roads Untaken") used to be Safe Adventure. And so on into the millennial twilight.

Though Popcorn's clients are hard-pressed to explain exactly what they do with this information, they do know they like it. "You don't end up at the end of the process with an idea," says Con-Agra's Lanine. "What you end up with is—a process." Asked why they keep coming back for more, others are equally vague. "I'm really groping," says William Peterson, president of the pharmaceutical giant Sterling-Winthrop. "It's just a lot of fresh thinking. It's an overhang, an overlay." Says Stuart Rose of London-based Dorothy Perkins, Ltd.: "It's really very difficult to say. The problem is, we've only done the first bit. We're still in the middle of the BrainJam." Wolfgang Schmidt, CEO of Rubbermaid, will say only that "everything we do is trend-driven. . . . Our view is there's no such thing as a totally negative trend."

He's right. Popcorn prospers not by scrutinizing market research data, but by selling a salve for executive insecurity. "I call it corporate autism," she says. "It's like driving around at night without your headlights on." For a mere \$20,000, Popcorn will remedy such autism with a bimonthly box of kitsch she calls a TrendPak. Subscribers include the CEOs of Nabisco, Burger King and Campbell Soup. "We scour the landscape," says BrainReserve Trend Director Ash DeLorenzo. "There's cutting-edge stuff in there."

Subscribers agree. "The TrendPaks challenge you," says Richard Finn, president and CEO of Chesebrough-Pond's. "They make you think again. Clearly, there are things going on in the world that you haven't zeroed in on." Finn recalls one pack with special fondness. "There was that book—*Final Exit*, I think it was called. A simpleton's guide to taking one's life. That was in one package. Now, I never thought of taking my life, and I still haven't. But that was fascinating. There are some evolving attitudes out there." The TrendPaks are "wonderful," sighs Miller of Silicon Graphics. "Each month, when they come, we have a staff meeting to go through it with everybody. Then we put them in a special library. I loved the one on Wildering. It had all kinds of lanterns and sleeping bags. Dried strawberries and dried mushrooms. Very good-tasting." Twenty-thousand dollars might seem a hefty price to pay for such snacks; but subscribers insist the Paks are worth it. "There are nice little tchotchkes in there," says Arthur Shapiro of House of Seagram. "During the Gulf war there were some interesting things in there. Gas masks from Israel. Mace sprays. Some aromatherapy." What does a beverage company do with such information? "We file it away in the back of our heads," says Shapiro.

Companies that want more from Popcorn than a TrendPak can order a TrendView seminar about the future, take a TrendTrek to toy stores and bakeries or convene a BrainJam, an all-day salute to Popcorn and her twelve trends. Those in search of their own custom

research can tap into a one- or two-day TalentBank InterFace, which may result in TrendBending (twisting parts of the trends) and the basic "Discontinuity Trend Analysis" (analyzing a product in terms of its relevance to Popcorn's established set of trends). "We'll BrainJam in the afternoon," explains DeLorenzo. "Then Faith will take them on a TrendTrek."

It's this sense of mission that endears Popcorn to nervous corporate execs. Deborah Holstein is a TalentBank team leader. "We go through each trend," she says. "We fill in a grid. The columns on that grid are the trends. We run the product across. Where is there continuity? Where is there discontinuity? What do we do to fix that?" One solution is the BrainJam. "We break into small groups," says Holstein. "And the company itself learns how to use the trends! We lead them through the work sessions. At the end of the day, each group has to come up with a new product based on the trend. That's a fun day. We get them out of the office. They think about what could be instead of what is."

Given the hypothetical example of sheets, Holstein supplies an example of how this works in practice. "Cocooning: you're on-trend," says Holstein. "It's a product used in the home. After a long, busy day, you can go home, get under the covers. It's very warm. Where are you off-trend? Well, I'd love to be able to buy sheets through my computer. I'd love not to leave my home to go out into the nasty world to buy it." There's more. "EgoNomics. Where are you on-trend? Well, the bed is a personal place. You can fulfill your fantasy. But you're off-trend, because there are only three colors to pick from. You don't feel like an individual person."

The only missing element in this psychodrama is Popcorn herself. "She's the charismatic leader," complains Deborah Kumm, director of marketing for the West Bend company, "she comes in and does the big pitch. She gets you to hire BrainReserve. Then the minions do all the work. In fact, I think we only saw her body once." That didn't bother Pillsbury, which last year commissioned a BrainJam for one of its products. "We used Pop Secret, because of Faith's name," says one Pillsbury executive. "We talked about EgoNomics. Being able to pick your own flavor. Small, colorful packages make you feel rewarded at the end of the day. We got into the cocooning thing. Popcorn is what you eat at home." What actually came out of the all-day gabfest? "Nothing specific comes to mind," says the exec. "I guess it was just sort of a mind-expander."

"One of our favorite trends is 99 Lives," confides Lanine of Con-Agra. "It talks about the fact that people are really stressed out. Life is more difficult than it used to be. We think that puts a premium on convenience-based products. Frozen food is a convenience-based product. It makes your life a little easier. There's nothing as convenient as a frozen dinner or entree." Cocooning, Lanine points out, is "linked to 99 Lives. The political climate is causing problems in people's lives. People are looking for things that are comforting

Food can play a role in that. A big plate of lasagna vs. a bowl of salad. One is a big, satisfying meal. The other leaves you a little hungry. The lasagna will take you back to a point in your life when things weren't as difficult."

Other executives echo this enthusiasm, even after disastrous Popcorn-inspired ventures. Take the liquor giant Heublein, maker of Smirnoff vodka. In 1991 the company hired Popcorn to mastermind a new ad campaign based on the premise of cocooning. The resulting ad campaign was tagged "Home Is Where You Find It." Heublein rolled out ads featuring minimalist scenes of people—or dogs and cats—to convey the joys of being at home with Smirnoff. Scheduled to run for a year, the ads were pulled after two months. "They were generally ridiculed by the trade and advertising community," admits the Heublein executive who hired Popcorn. Still, he remains a true believer. "Faith's solution was too good. It was the right solution for the wrong people."

Or there's Teledyne Water Pik, headquartered in Fort Collins, Colorado. At Popcorn's suggestion, the company changed the marketing of its shower massage from a "pleasure tool" to an anti-stress device. "The Shower Massage Shower Head had been on the market for a long time," says David Ramsay, business unit manager for the shower strategic unit at TeleDyne Water Pik. "Faith went out and did research for us. Her research was both qualitative and quantitative. . . . What it revealed was that everybody was traveling at a faster pace. Men and women have a lot more required of them. I think she called it 99 Lives." The Cocooning trend also came into play. "The bathroom is sort of your cocoon," reasons Ramsey. "It's your private getaway."

Popcorn persuaded the shower strategic unit to abandon its pleasure-based marketing strategy in favor of a campaign that focused on relieving everyday stress and tension. "We tried that for a year," says David Ramsey. "We had a commercial, 'Relieving Everyday Stress and Tension.' A guy comes in, kind of stressed out from work. His two kids hit him with something. This is my new dog. This is my significant other. His wife's on the exercise bike. The guy's kinda punked out. He walks into the shower with his clothes on!" Alas, "the commercial didn't respond very well," laments Ramsay. "We found that people don't talk in terms of relieving everyday stress and tension. They just want to feel good." Market share plummeted, until TeleDyne reverted back to its old marketing strategy: Ray Charles singing "Oo, Ah, Makes You Feel So Good." Now sales are back on track. But Ramsay, too, defends Popcorn's handiwork. "Her data was correct," he says. "It's how you serve it up to the consumer."

Only a few hardened souls seem immune to Popcorn's soothing charms. On BrainReserve's six-page client list, the name of Richardson-Vicks is graced with an asterisk, signifying that "BrainReserve has completed multiple assignments for this firm, indicating a high level of customer satisfaction." Some at Richardson-Vicks wouldn't put it quite that way. "Absolutely zero

came out of it," recalls one executive. "We brought her in to develop new concepts on various products, specifically skincare products. We were looking for a skincare product to follow Oil of Olay." Putting together Small Indulgences and 99 Lives, Popcorn concluded that the company's future lay in a premium-priced moisturizer-and-cleanser combination. "We tested a few of her ideas," says the executive. "They turned out to be dogs. That was the end of that."

On the day of my visit, BrainReserve hums with excitement; Lipton has just signed on as a client, and there is talk of Party Teas and Fantasy Adventure. The guru of corporate America turns out to be an elfin, fiftyish figure, swathed in layers of charcoal Issey Miyake. Skidding along the polished surfaces of the company's Manhattan headquarters, she stops to buttonhole a staffer ("How'd the meeting go?" "Great! We cracked four new ideas!"), then escorts me into a private office adorned with mock-ups of her press clips. "COCOONING GIVES WAY TO HUDDLING AND CUDDLING," blare the headlines. "WHAT'S IN: SALONING AND SALOONING." "MEET MEET MEET FAITH POPCORN. POP WIZARD OF TRENDS."

But when I ask Popcorn for a sampling of her wares, the performance is strangely halfhearted. Asked how she would determine whether a child-monitoring device described in that morning's *New York Times* was on-trend, she speaks rapidly and a bit remotely: "I would compare it to every single one of the trends in the TrendBank. It's Save our Society, because it's an ethical thing. It's a Small Indulgence, because it's a small thing. It's the Cocooning trend, because you're monitoring somebody from your own home." And the most quoted woman on the planet gazes fitfully out the window, playing with the tassels on her jacket.

Perhaps to insulate herself from such ennui, Popcorn is no longer restricting her scrutiny to the marketplace. BrainReserve is currently manufacturing platforms for two Senate candidates, a House candidate and a governor. "Several politicians are coming to us right now, and saying, 'How do I get on-trend?'" she says. "It's positioning, same as with a product. We look at how they're perceived. We look at the trends. What we're trying to do is get these candidates onto platforms that, first of all, they can believe in." According to Popcorn, the mayoral candidate Rudolph Giuliani was among those hankering to get on-trend. "They did call us," she says. "We did meet with them. We liked Rudy a lot. He had read the book. He was familiar with the trends. We found him quite charming." (Giuliani's office confirms the meeting.) In the end the candidate balked. "They decided not to hire us," laments Popcorn. "We were kind of expensive for him."

Suddenly, the phone rings. "What? Already? Are they set up?... Well, that's not really right! Why didn't you set them up?" Our interview is over. "ABC World News Tonight," confides a BrainReserve staffer, escorting a camera crew into the inner sanctum. "Pleasure Revenge." •

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Late Edition

A young theater critic asked me lately about the high days of Broadway, some fifty years ago, when around 100 plays were produced every season. She said that she had looked at a lot of those plays and that most of them weren't much good. I agreed. "Then," she asked, "why do older people always kid me about the Broadway that I missed? What was so great back then?" "The productions," I said. "Industrial efficiency."

What happened to that efficiency? It moved west—where there was an industry to be efficient in. Broadway's machines no longer hum, but smooth "Broadway" efficiency still turns out products on the coast. Current instance: **The Paper** (Universal). This is a speedy, neatly lubricated comedy-drama about a tabloid newspaper. Once upon a time it would have been, *mutatis mutandis* (as we always said at Lindy's), a Broadway show. No F-words then, and fewer settings, but the intent would have been the same: a burst of nitty-gritty hustle, laced with sideways sentimentality, to make the audience believe for a couple of hours that it was feeling the pulse of ruthless America while, underneath the ruthlessness, all the pretty standards by which the audience lived were being slyly reaffirmed.

Hecht and MacArthur's *The Front Page* is of course the immediate paradigm, but there were many Broadway others, *Five Star Final*, *Blessed Event* and so on. In the days when economics allowed you to mask weak structure by throwing in more actors—if your second act sags, shove in a scene with a comic window-

cleaner—newspaper plays were a terrific equivalent of a circus. You could have numerous actors milling through almost constantly.

Many of those plays were filmed, and Hollywood originated many more newspaper stories of its own, but quintessentially it was a theater idea—action coming to a place rather than being sought out. This is so true that, just because *The Paper* is a razzle-dazzler, it gave me a (rare) twinge of nostalgia for *The Old Days*. This is Broadway high-tech show-engineering at its slickest. It might have been directed by George S. Kaufman or George Abbott.

It also underscores that the full-speed newspaper play-film is an inimitable American artifact. Yes, foreign films about newspapers have come along, but they are so desperately imitative, like British gangster pictures or Italian westerns, that they are a touch pathetic. The newspaper play-film is a product of America and Broadway: it doesn't transplant.

Part of the package is the rat-a-tat dialogue: every character is his or her own gag-writer. (Again—to judge by subtitles—unreproducible abroad.) The screenplay of *The Paper* is by two brothers, David Koepp, author of the (abysmally) lesser *Jurassic Park*, and Stephen Koepp, a senior editor at *Time*; and their dialogue rarely stops to catch its breath. It glistens with knifework and some real laughs. A maverick columnist is sleeping on the couch in an editor's office when the latter arrives one morning. When the editor comes back that afternoon, the columnist is still on the couch. "You still there?" asks the editor. The columnist, without turning, murmurs, "I went out for lunch."

The central plot is serviceable. Two Brooklyn black youths have been arrested for murders they didn't commit, and this New York newspaper itches to exploit the arrest rather than confirm the truth. Out of this, a major struggle in the office. And there is a bevy of subplots. The metro editor, Michael Keaton, has a very pregnant wife, Marisa Tomei, a former reporter who is beginning to worry about a domestic future. The managing editor, Robert Duvall, has cancer (he learns) and a married daughter who won't speak to him. A top editor, Glenn Close, is finagling for a raise, going over Duvall's head to the owner. Much more. It all takes place in twenty-four hours so the pressure-cooker steams.

The story leaves the realistic rails for Movieland with a fist-fight between two editors in the press room, about stopping the presses, and with a brawl in a neighborhood bar. These two fights would probably not have happened, or even have been described, in a Broadway newspaper play. (Imagine! We're talking about the sully of Broadway standards!) But what saves these two episodes—almost—is that the Koepp brothers and the director seem to know that the fight sequences are baloney, are put in just to satisfy those who need that sort of thing. More: the filmmakers imply that those who need the scenes

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Four Weddings and a Funeral. Hugh Grant tap-dances brightly through this British comedy. (The title describes the subject.) Andie MacDowell is O.K. as the American girl he pines for; the rest of the cast is better. (Reviewed 3/4/94) **Germinale.** From Zola. Claude Berri strikingly re-creates French miners' lives in the last century. The principal actors are weak, but that texture is remarkable. (3/21/94) **Raining Stones.** Another of Ken Loach's moving communions with the English working class. The North Country dialect is often thick; still, the picture grips. (3/28/94) **Schindler's List.** Monumental. Steven Spielberg's stark retelling of an incredible true story: the Nazi businessman who saved 1,200 Jewish lives. (12/13/93 and 1/24/94) —SK

will be content and that those who see through the fakery will be tolerant because the rest of the picture is so fast and hard.

That director is Ron Howard, whose previous films were mediocre or less. (Among them were *Far and Away*, that Irish mist with Tom Cruise, and *Backdraft*, about whose title there were appropriate scatological jokes.) Here, however, Howard handles every element with tough precision: every small bit, every large scene, every variation of rhythm is precisely controlled. His editors were Daniel Hanley and Michael Hill, who have often worked with Howard before, and they have helped to make his picture an express train.

Howard started in films as an actor (*American Graffiti*, *The Shootist*), and possibly that experience showed the way to get a sustained peppy performance from Keaton, who is usually subject to droops. Besides, say the credits, Keaton also had a personal dialogue coach. Perhaps she brought him to such peaks as the sulfurous speech on the phone in which he turns down a job on a classier paper.

Tomei is acceptable as the torn wife. (Speaking of theater antecedents, her parents are played by two former Broadway stalwarts, William Prince and Augusta Dabney.) Duvall's role is no kind of strain for him; he delivers. Close is cool as one of the brass, so convincingly so that her one scene of amour—illicit, in a hotel room—is the iciest since Faye Dunaway's *Frigidaire* sex in *Network*. Jason Robards, who is in one sequence as the newspaper's owner, lends the picture little more than his voice.

A few times there are brief mentions of financial troubles for the paper, but it's never a major concern. Can this be accurate? Money worries obviously can't be a constant subject in newsrooms, but such worries certainly dominate reports about newspapers and the conversation of the newspaper people that I meet. One major difference between the newspaper plays of the past and the latter-day breed is that Hecht and MacArthur never dreamed of a day when the press could be threatened with the diminution it has since suffered, or with the specter of extinction that hangs over many a newspaper building.

Actually *The Paper* is a meeting place for the efficiencies of three industries in various states of question if not dissolution: Broadway, Hollywood and the press. There's something wistful about the way *The Paper* employs the modes of the first, now withered, as if the second and third were not in difficulties. •

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Trading Places

BY IAN BURUMA

Looking at the Sun: The Rise of the New East Asian Economic and Political System by James Fallows

(Pantheon Books, 517 pp., \$25)

A new phrase has just come buzzing in: the Asianization of Asia. As in all such phrases, the concept is vague. Was Asia once less Asian? If Asia wasn't really Asian, what was it? How Asian does Asia have to be before it can be called truly Asian? And so on.

But a closer look at the kind of people who have taken up the slogan offers some clues to its meaning. At last year's Bangkok Declaration on human rights, politicians from various more or less repressive regimes in the region trumpeted what they called "the Asian Way." They meant a "way" that stresses harmony, order and the collective good, as opposed to individualism and "human rights." (The frequent use of quotation marks around human rights by proponents of the Asian Way is meant to show that the idea is not only alien to the Way, but rather distasteful, too.) The Asian Way rests on the assumption that the government is benevolent and knows best what is good for the commonweal. Those who beg to differ threaten that common good, and they should be dealt with harshly. Human rights and democracy are "Western values," the advocacy of which is a form of imperialist arrogance. And so, after decades of colonialism, neo-colonialism and "Westernization," it is time for Asia to assert its own values. It is time to Asianize Asia.

That the Singaporean or Indonesian or Chinese governments should take this line is understandable. They profit from the Asian Way. It justifies their grip on power. If individual rights and the rule of law and popular sovereignty are no more than "Western values," why then should Asians not rule according to "Eastern values"? And who is to say which is better? If politics is a natural (or, if you prefer, organic) reflection of culture, then there can be no argument: the students in Tiananmen Square in 1989 were deluded by foreign values, and the government was upholding the Asian Way.

Spokesmen for the Asian Way are not lacking in allies in the West. Funny enough, the people who come closest to

their line of thinking are often not authoritarian right-wingers, but nice, liberal anti-imperialists, who confuse politics with cultural values. They are the neo-Orientalists, who believe that Eastern people are fundamentally different from us. Their patron saint, in a way, is Herder, the eighteenth-century German philosopher of history who believed that it was natural for Orientals to worship their kings. Herder deployed this argument against the universalism of Voltaire and other thinkers of the French Enlightenment, whom he regarded as arrogant imperialists.

Samuel P. Huntington, professor of the Science of Government at Harvard, though not much of a liberal, is a good example of a neo-Orientalist. The conflicts of the future, he wrote in *Foreign Affairs* last year, will happen along the "cultural fault lines" separating civilizations. This, he says, is because "differences between civilizations are not only real; they are basic." Huntington's categories are somewhat arbitrary, but the differences between Arab, Confucian, Latin American, Japanese and Western civilizations, he says, are basic. Quite what is so basic about the difference between Latin American and Western, or Japanese and Confucian civilizations, is unclear. But one thing is certain in the neo-Orientalist universe: East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet.

James Fallows is not a cultural expert. His main interest is economics. Like Huntington, however, he believes in basic differences. The subject of Fallows's book is the "Asian System." He means an economic system, based on the Japanese model, that fits the autocrats' description of the Asian Way. "The Chinese leadership," he writes,

is trying to demonstrate that a country can have a powerful modern economy without allowing its people the individual freedoms that the Western world calls "human rights." [The quotation marks again.] The entire Asian model is based on a variant of this proposition: that it is possible to become as strong as the Western world without embracing its permissive ways.

That is indeed the proposition put forward by the autocrats and their allies, but does it fit the facts? Is the proposition specifically Asian? Is it culturally determined? Was it historically inevitable? And if it is true that the Asian System exists, what should we do about it? Should we admire and emulate it? Or must we fight it? Fallows does not seem entirely sure. There are strong hints in his book that he would like the United States to do both at the same time: fight it by learning from it. But the safest thing he can say with real conviction is that "there is nothing inherently dangerous in the new social and economic models being developed in Asia. There is great danger in failing to see them for what they are."

Well, to be sure. But what exactly are they? Fallows approaches his Asian System in various ways, and they don't always accord. He has assembled a rag-bag of history, culture, *mentalités*, economics and traveler's tales, as experienced out East by the author and his family. And since the model of the Asian System is Japan, most of the book is about Japan.

Fallows's description of postwar Japan rings true in some ways, but not in others. His analysis of the skewed relationship between Japan and the United States is reasonable enough. General MacArthur decided after the war that the Japanese emperor should stay on his throne and be shielded from blame for the war. At the same time he had a new constitution drafted that made it illegal for Japan to maintain its own armed forces. The United States would take care of Japanese security, while Japan got on with building up its industrial power. Thus, as Fallows points out:

Japan's economic institutions grew stronger and stronger. Its political system atrophied. It was left with the ability to promote its industrial interests but to do very little else. This legacy of the Occupation is the fundamental source of the endless "trade frictions" between Japan and the rest of the world.

Indeed. And Fallows's descriptions of bureaucratic battles, in Tokyo and Washington, between "pol-mil" types, who did everything to keep Japan happy during the cold war, and the commercial types, who wanted more breaks for American businessmen, are interesting and to the point. But this perfectly rational explanation for Japan's present state is clearly not enough to sustain the idea of a peculiarly Japanese, let alone Asian, system. So Fallows looks back further, to the sixteenth century, when, in his opinion, many Japanese attitudes were shaped. In 1587 the strongman Toyotomi Hideyoshi expelled the Jesuits. Five years later he

nvaded Korea, where his bloody campaigns are still officially remembered with great bitterness. "In so doing," writes Fallows, "he underscored another of the constants in Japan's relations with outsiders: its own acute sense of vulnerability, which has affected its policies in profound ways."

This reading of Hideyoshi's motives is questionable. The "barbarian-slaying generalissimo" was driven less by fear of outsiders than by his obsession with personal power. The Jesuits were converting too many Japanese, which led to dangerous thoughts. Hideyoshi worried less about barbarian attacks than about subversion and social unrest at home. And his attempt to conquer Korea, and China too, is seen by most historians as the result of his megalomania and his lust for power. These are not just pedantic points. Fallows's reading of history is typical of his tendency to confuse the policies of rulers with the alleged mentality of nations. "Japan" did not feel vulnerable. Who was or is Japan? Hideyoshi wanted to rule Japan, and Korea, and China. A considerable difference.

Fallows thinks that "Japan"'s fear of barbarians then turned the country inward during almost three centuries of virtual isolation, until the gates were blasted open in the 1860s. There is something to this, though again I would emphasize the desire of military strongmen to control Japan, more than their fear of foreign invasion. This period of isolation, he believes, produced some of the main elements of the Japanese/Asian System: suspicion of outsiders, cartel-mindedness, centralization, standardization. The last characteristic is illustrated by the observation that modern Japanese cities all look the same. This, of course, is not so very surprising, since every city in Japan was reduced to harred splinters in World War II. Still, you get the drift.

Then, Fallows continues, Japan opened up in the Meiji period and the Japanese became frantic learners, racing to catch up with the West. This national enchant for systematic learning, he tells us, "leads to excesses," and there follows a charming traveler's tale to illustrate the point: "At the barber shop, individual strands of my hair were measured, and the lengths recorded, before and after the cut." I do not doubt Fallows's word. I'm sure he did meet such a barber. But I have had many haircuts in Japan, and this barber was either eccentric or there is something remarkable about Fallows's hair.

Fallows's anecdote leaves the reader with the impression that the Japanese are seriously weird. My objection to this line of reasoning is not that there are no seriously weird Japanese. The problem is

that by conflating popular attitudes, cultural habits and the behavior of individuals with trade policies and official propaganda, and then calling it a System, you cannot escape from the conclusion that the System is both natural and immune to change. Fallows writes:

Western ideas more generally are being called into question in Asia, ideas as basic as the primacy of free speech or individual rights. After centuries of having to listen to Western rulers and look up to Western technology, more and more Asian leaders—the politicians, scholars and business titans who would talk about such subjects—now say that the Western model is breaking down and that they have found a better way.

What he is referring to here, quite accurately, is the official propaganda, spouted by politicians, pro-government scholars and some business titans, mainly in Southeast Asia. To call this an Asian System is to take the propaganda at face value. For there are very different views in Asia, too. The people who died in Bangkok and Beijing (at the feet of a model of the Statue of Liberty), after demonstrating for free speech, human rights and popular sovereignty, had no truck with an authoritarian Asian System. Nor did the people who voted for Aung San Suu Kyi in Burma in 1989. The main reason that Burmese students protested en masse in 1988 against the

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military dictatorship was not, as Fallows has it, "economic desperation." Yes, they were economically desperate, but they demanded a more democratic system, free speech, human rights. Large numbers of middle-class people in South Korea, who were not at all economically distressed, supported the student rebellion in 1986 for the same reason.

None of this means that these people wish to be just like Americans. Only neo-Orientalists who cannot distinguish between politics and culture think that. They only wish to be free of despots. And the 1948 U.N. Universal Declaration on Human Rights, by the way, was signed by a committee that included a Chinese. In the words of Nihal Jayawickrama, a law professor in Hong Kong, quoted in the London *Sunday Telegraph*: "The problem [with Asian countries] is that their systems of government are not compatible with their constitutions, not that their cultures are incompatible."

If the Asian System is so natural to Japan, owing to "its" fear of outsiders, "its" cultural attitudes and so on, why has a book called *Blueprint for a New Japan*, by the politician Ozawa Ichiro, become a huge best-seller this year? Ozawa is no student rebel; he is a former chairman of the Liberal Democratic Party, the very heart of the Japanese political elite. In his book he argues for more open government, more popular sovereignty, laissez-faire economics, free trade and fewer social controls. And his main model is British parliamentary democracy. The book has already sold more than 600,000 copies.

To be sure, another book by a Japanese politician, Ishihara Shintaro, published in 1989, was also a best-seller. It was called *A Japan that Can Say "No,"* and it was a nationalist rant, which did indeed extoll a superior Japanese Way. Japanese high technology had become vastly superior to anything produced in the United States, he said, because of Japan's unique cultural tradition. Many a gratified reader presumably nodded in agreement. But this shows only that public attitudes are fickle, and an unreliable component of any System.

Fallows moved to Japan just after a Japan Airlines Boeing crashed, and just after the *Challenger* crashed; and this, he says, reinforced the "general [Japanese] perception of shoddy American production." He quotes a Japanese pollster who said in 1992 that "the Japanese people think we should make ourselves whatever concerns human life." No doubt this reflected polls taken two years ago. Today, however, the Japanese papers are full of reports on the superiority of American high-tech products, particu-

larly computer software. Now, all of sudden, America appears insuperable. These moods of smug superiority or fear of failure, expressed in the mass media, are whipped up by politicians, bureaucrats and businessmen, in order to create or to preserve the conditions that suit their interests. These interests can change as swiftly as public moods.

Like all neo-Orientalists, Fallows has much too mechanistic a view of the differences between East and West. Sometimes it results in utter incoherence. One of the basic difference between what he calls the "Anglo-American model" and the Asian System is the "view of power in setting economic policies." The "Anglo-American ideology," he writes,

views concentrated power as an evil ("power corrupts, and absolute power ..."). Therefore it has developed elaborate schemes for dividing and breaking up power when it becomes concentrated. The Asian-style model views concentrated power as a fact of life. It has developed elaborate systems for ensuring that the power is used for the long-term national good.

I am uneasy about the idea of models and systems having "views," as though they were human beings. Still, I take Fallows's point. A few pages later, however, we learn that the

deepest critique of Japanese politics, made by the Dutch writer Karel van Wolferen, is that it lacks a center of political accountability. In the French or American system, a president must finally make big choices, whereas in the Japanese system (in van Wolferen's terms) the buck keeps circulating and passing and never stops anywhere.

Fallows does not express any disagreement with this. And it has become a commonplace in Japan, too. Politicians and editorial writers are constantly pointing out that the soggiessness of Japanese politics, with nobody apparently in charge, causing political paralysis. It is precise planning for the long-term good that lacking in Japan, according to most experts and commentators.

What about this business, then, of the Asian model viewing "concentrated power as a fact of life"? Fallows has an answer: "whether the very center of politics has been weak, as in Japan, strong, as everywhere else, the political system as a whole has generally been authoritarian in Asia." Well, yes; and Africa, much of South America, large parts of Europe and virtually all of the Middle East. So what does this prove about the specificity of the Asian System? It is a little ironic that the model for the Asian System was supposedly developed in the least authoritarian country in Asia.

(with the exception, perhaps, of India), and in one that lacks concentrated power to boot. If the buck keeps circulating in Japan, it is precisely because no one trusts any center of power: various centers—ministries, political factions, gangsters—circle each other like hawks.

About politics, culture and history, then, I find Fallows shallow and unconvincing. Perhaps economics gives him firmer ground. He certainly knows his theory. The question is whether the application of economic theory strengthens his case. His case, as I understand it, is not just that Japan has practiced mercantilism, or that Japanese postwar mercantilism was largely a legacy of the allied Occupation, which—remember—is “the fundamental source of the endless ‘trade frictions’ between Japan and the rest of the world.” No, the case is that Japan provided the model for the Asian System, which reflects deeply entrenched historical and political attitudes. Economically, so the thesis goes, the Asian System not only breaks all the rules of “Anglo-Saxon” free market, free trade theory, but it works better, in terms of building national strength. And if we fail to understand it, the System might gobble America up.

All this makes slightly peculiar reading at a time of economic malaise in Japan, with banks sinking in bad debt and government-led high-tech projects, such as high-definition T.V., in tatters. And even as Japan is in recession, the economy of the United States is growing at a good clip. Still, a robust criticism of neo-classical economics (or any other dogma) can certainly be a bracing exercise, and the growth of East Asian economies raises interesting questions.

As his paradigm for the basic difference between the “Anglo-Saxon model” and the Asian System, Fallows has chosen the rise and fall and rise of the semiconductor. In the beginning American companies led the world in semiconductor technology. Then, in the 1960s, Japanese companies began to compete, and by the 1980s they led the world in some areas, notably DRAM chips. Some people, Fallows being one of them, began to worry that the United States, and particularly its national security, was becoming too dependent on Japanese technology. Then, in 1986 Japan and the United States signed the Semiconductor Trade Agreement, forcing the Japanese to buy 20 percent of their semiconductors from U.S. companies. And within a few years some American companies, notably Intel, did more than well: Intel’s 386 family of microprocessor chips has about 80 percent of the world market.

Fallows explains the Japanese success

in terms of the Asian System: government support of Japanese corporations, a rigged domestic market, endless credit lines, business cartels and so on.

If the American approach boiled down to “getting prices right,” the Japanese approach boiled down to something different. Its essence was “getting enough money”—not worrying about theoretical efficiency, not being concerned about the best rules for competition, but focusing only on getting the nation’s money into the hands of the big manufacturing firms. If companies could get *more money* to work with than their competitors, then in the long run they would prevail.

The Japanese approach, in other words, is akin to the Pentagon’s support of certain American industries.

But does this really explain the ups and downs of the semiconductor story? And is the Japanese approach really always so formidable? For there is another version of the story. It is that Japanese DRAMS did well because American computer companies were happy to buy them. They were cheap, and of high quality. The Japanese are particularly good at manufacturing faultless products on a large scale. Producing memory chips is not a matter of experimentation, it is a matter of perfectionism on the fac-

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tory floor. This is a strength that the Japanese have cultivated. The microprocessors produced by Intel—initially in response to a request from a Japanese customer—require design and imagination; and this is where the Americans, or, rather, the people of many nationalities—including many Asians—working in American labs, do better than the Japanese. Japanese companies now buy Intel's chips because they need them, and they would buy them even without a semiconductor agreement.

There are other examples of fruitful divisions of labor. The Japanese make the bulk of the world's fax machines, but the modem chips inside the machines are provided by an American company called Rockwell. Rockwell has kept its place in the Japanese market by better technology, good luck (during the '80s DRAMS kept Japanese chip factories running at full capacity), and a willingness to meet the demands of Japanese customers for high quality. It is not at all unusual for small American firms in Silicon Valley, which specialize in advanced design but lack their own manufacturing facilities, to have chips made in Japan. This kind of interdependence is not dangerous. It is profitable to both sides. As for the virtues of government intervention (in research and development, for example), the Japanese have made terrible mistakes. MITI's \$100 million Fifth Generation Computer Project is but one example.

This is not to say that mercantilism does not have its uses. As Fallows rightly points out, great powers (including Germany and the United States) have benefited in the past from protecting their own markets while exploiting the markets that are open elsewhere. Mercantilism can be an effective way for developing countries to build an industrial base. As Fallows also points out, there is nothing Asian about this. Indeed, he stresses the influence of German nationalist economic thinking on Far Eastern economists, adducing the theories of Friedrich List as the anti-thesis of Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. Smith is set up as the Anglo-Saxon patriarch; List is the honorary East Asian. Like many Asian autocrats, List believed in national economic power. Customers were less important than producers. Getting the prices right was less important than boosting national industries.

This is, in effect, a case for authoritarianism. For unless you believe that it is natural for non-Anglo-Saxons to sacrifice themselves for the nation, they will have to be coerced, by propaganda and, if necessary, by force. Propaganda extols the virtues of unity, discipline, self-

sacrifice and patriotism. And these can be virtues, to be sure. The question is whether authoritarianism, even the soft kind, is the only or the best route toward economic success. It is possible that Fallows, dismayed by the messiness of American life, would like to feel the firm smack of discipline in his own country. In any case, he thinks that stern measures are effective elsewhere. One of the key sentences in the book is: "The most successful Asian societies are, in different ways, fundamentally more repressive than America and most of Europe are, and their repression has so far been a key to their economic success." I'm not sure about "fundamentally," but the first half of the sentence is true. About the latter half, I have my doubts.

Fallows comes up with the Philippines as a negative example: an example, that is, of laxity, disunity, too much democracy. The Philippines, he says, imported from America a guiding theory of "rights and liberties first." The poverty and the decay of the Philippines, he writes, no doubt correctly, fortified "Asian governments in the view that a rights-based society represents a failed approach." The thing is, it also fortified Fallows's view of the same. For what "is it that 'authoritarianism' has given to many East Asian countries but that rights-based, 'American-style' democracy has denied in the Philippines? It can best be thought of as a useful kind of 'nationalism.'"

This is nonsense. Useful nationalism, in the sense of getting the best out of people, is not necessarily fostered by authoritarianism. Human behavior in a system of democratic participation tends to be more energetic and creative than the conformity imposed by autocrats. Open and free societies are also, on the whole, the richest societies. Japan is indeed in many ways a less liberal society than the United States or Britain. But it is more free than it ever was before. And its economic success probably has as much to do with freedom of information, mobility of labor and free enterprise as with nationalist propaganda. The decline of the Philippines, in any case, was largely the result of autocratic misrule. Ferdinand Marcos's kleptocracy was both authoritarian and nationalistic; and his economic advisers believed in protected home markets and industries precisely for those reasons. Now that the Philippines is more democratic, its economy is doing better.

When Fallows turns to China to make his case, his reasoning is not just confusing, it appears to contradict everything that he has said before. China, he says might become richer and more power

ful than Japan. But that would require "smart" economic management by the government, and "smart management, in turn, would mean continuing to give business—and technological development—primacy over everything else." Fallows thinks it would be smart for China's central government in Beijing to relax its control over the dynamic coastal regions of the south. Who could disagree with that? Well, the central government in Beijing. For Fallows goes on to explain that Chinese regimes, centered in Beijing, have not traditionally favored decentralization, since they "have consistently valued matters of national pride and political control over what the outside world might say is 'rational.'" This is puzzling, to say the least. For I thought that "useful nationalism," fostered by an authoritarian central government that believed in national pride and political control, was precisely what was supposed to have made the Asian System run.

Still, after hacking one's way through these knotty thickets, the least one can say is that Fallows is right about one thing: laissez-faire economics is not favored by East Asian governments. But this still doesn't mean that an Asian System exists, except in the minds of Southeast Asian demagogues and Western commentators, who think that they are on to something. However, even if we assume, for the sake of argument, that Fallows is absolutely right, that there is such a thing as a specifically Asian System, combining mercantilism with authoritarian politics, does this disprove the main case for classical economics? Ricardo and Smith said that nations benefit from keeping their markets open for trade, even if other nations keep their markets closed. Consumers benefit from cheaper products, and competition keeps producers efficient and quality-conscious. Fallows does not believe this. He thinks it is a dogma that blinds the Anglo-Saxon world to the reality of the East. This is why he thinks the United States should devise an industrial strategy if it is not to follow Britain's giggling slide into the sea.

Britain is held up by Fallows as an example of neo-classical economic folly. As Fallows points out, it benefited from mercantilism during its rise to pre-eminent power; but once it reached its place on top of the world, it began to preach the gospel of St. Adam, even as other nations, such as Germany and the United States, broke St. Adam's rules to get ahead. It may well be so that some powers rise by breaking the rules of free trade: America yesterday, Japan today. But does sticking to those rules also explain the decline of others? I do not think so. Britain's decline was the result of many things. After the war, the statist,



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decidedly un-Adam Smithian Labour government policy of choking the demand for automobiles at home in order to sell as many as possible abroad did not help. Here was an example of tightening people's belts for the nation, and it went wrong. Eventually, complacent management, bad labor relations and lack of quality and innovation almost killed the automobile industry in Britain. Only Japanese investment and expertise, invited by Thatcher's dogmatically free-trading government, injected some flickers of life in the dying patient.

What, then, are Fallows's proposals to keep America alive and strong? He does not think that the Asian System can be successfully emulated in America. For, as he has pointed out, East and West do not share the same cultural principles. And besides, as Nakatani Iwao, a Japanese professor, told Fallows: "If the entire world were to adopt the Japanese system, the world's markets would be closed and Japan's economic expansion would be stopped right there." This, clearly, is not a price worth paying for the gratification of seeing the Japanese stopped in their tracks.

But what then? According to Fallows, "the adaptability of Western societies will depend on whether they can bring themselves, as did the nineteenth-century Japanese, to learn everything they can about powerful new systems and change their own practices where necessary." Yes, but how? Well, by being "strong," by being "less dependent on Japan," by having an education system that helps to define "a national interest that is worth some sacrifice of immediate personal comfort or gain..." by devising an industrial policy of "protection with conditions." This is perfectly feasible, he says, for in fact, through the 1980s "the United States repeatedly 'broke' the rules of free trade by unilaterally imposing tariffs, under the dreaded Section 301 of its trade law, against nations whose markets it considered closed." So, if the answer is not to emulate his idea of an Asian System, the system Fallows proposes bears a striking resemblance to it. It is, if you like, an Anglo-Saxon version.

Of course, there is a more liberal alternative to this. Instead of America becoming less dependent on Japan, Japan should become less dependent, for its security, on America. For, to quote Fallows once more, this Japanese dependence is "the fundamental source of the endless 'trade frictions.'" As far as trade and industry is concerned, mutual dependence should be fostered, not discouraged in the name of national strength. Imposing special tariffs, import

quotas and other forms of bullying on Japan will only perpetuate the bureaucratic management of the Japanese economy, which harms consumers and hinders the efforts of Japanese politicians to liberalize their system.

The way to deal with Japan, and with other countries in East Asia, is to encourage open, liberal politics and free market economies, not by confrontation and "protection with conditions," but by demonstrating that America's economy can still be the richest and the most successful in the world, precisely by keeping

its markets open. But if one believes, with the neo-Orientalists, that authoritarianism and aggressive nationalism are natural and permanent features of East Asian societies, and if one believes that these are "Eastern values," and if one thinks that to assume otherwise is to indulge in imperialist arrogance, well, then the liberal alternative is not even an option.

IAN BURUMA's new book, *The Wages of Guilt*, will be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in June.

Sentimental Education

BY ANDREW DELBANCO

Harriet Beecher Stowe: A Life by Joan D. Hedrick

(Oxford University Press, 507 pp., \$35)

Speaking from the sickbed to which he has been consigned since he was shot in the spine more than twenty years ago, George Wallace recently made a public statement on the subject of what might be called comparative racism, North and South. "The New York Times," he said (with, one imagines, a ghoulish grin, since he was talking to a *Times* reporter), "never did understand that segregation wasn't about hate.... I didn't hate anybody. I don't hate the man who shot me. When I was young, I used to swim and play with blacks all the time. You find more hate in New York, Chicago and Washington, D.C., than in all the Southern states put together."

It is hard to know what to make of this claim. A reliable technique for measuring hatred has not been invented, as far as I know; and no one (probably including Wallace himself) can say with certainty if the old segregationist, when he looks back and declares that "segregation was wrong," is still working at rehabilitating his reputation or, facing death, if he speaks from the heart. But ingenuously or not, his claim that the racial organization of the South was never built on hate is not a novel idea. It comes out of a long apologetic tradition through which Southerners have defended their version of apartheid, and before it, slavery itself, on the grounds that race relations in their quasi-feudal region have always been more stable and humane than in the brutal, market culture of the North.

This idea goes back a long way in

American history. It first became explicit about 150 years ago, when the sectional debate over race, which had been repeatedly restrained from breaking out into violence, turned urgent in the wake of the Mexican War. As western expansion accelerated, the question of whether and where slavery would be permitted in the new territories was renewed. It was a question on which the founding fathers had been evasive and euphemistic, and after the Missouri Compromise of 1820 it was, in effect, tabled. Through the 1840s, even as the abolitionist drumbeat began to rise, most Americans seem to have persuaded themselves that their nation could remain indefinitely divided along the geographical boundary (the famous 36° 30' parallel) that the Missouri Compromise had established.

In the 1850s, under the pressure of new exigencies (the prohibition of slavery in California and the end of the slave trade in the District of Columbia were balanced by deferring the slavery question in the New Mexico territory and by enforcing the fugitive slave laws), the old political bargains began to come apart. Even if one reaches the judgment, with some historians, that the decisive political questions raised by slavery were economic and, eventually, military, they now resumed a high-pitched debate about whether slavery could be justified anywhere on moral grounds.

To deal with this question, each side deployed what it understood to be the salient facts about slavery: the content c

a slave's diet, housing conditions, access to medicine, state of religion and so on. Reviewing these "facts," some Southerners actually came to believe that "the Negro slaves of the South are the happiest, and, in some sense, the freest people in the world." (Such arguments always entailed a favorable contrast to the "laboring masses" of the North, who lived in conditions, as the Virginia writer George Fitzhugh put it, "already intolerable [and] daily becoming worse.") Anti-slavery Northerners (such as the New York lawyer and philanthropist George Templeton Strong) replied that slavery "is the greatest crime on the largest scale known in modern history; taking into account the time it has occupied, the territory it covers, the number of its subjects and the civilization of the criminals."

The slavery debate had reached an impasse. One side presented the slave as well-clothed and well-tended; the other found him barefoot and blistered in the sun. Each side came up with a different inventory of entities, such as shoes and overalls and quantities of meat and life expectancy. (This sort of statistical dispute continued well beyond emancipation, and eventually it became a retrospective argument among historians.) But the two sides never truly confronted the question of what these contested facts might mean. If, for instance, a slave did not show the scars of a leather strap on his back, what did this signify? Did it mean that he was happy on the job, or that his master was lenient, or that he was wily and elusive when committing infractions, or, perhaps, that he had all along been paddled instead of whipped so that when the time came to put him up for auction, he would not bear the marks of recalcitrance that might lower his fetching price?

As the answers to these sorts of questions became less and less reconcilable, they were more and more received by each side as calumnies from the other. It became a dispute about the merits of the contestants rather than about the welfare of the contested—like the proverbial squabble between medical experts (Melville devoted a chapter of *White-Jacket* to such a scene) who discuss their surgical techniques while the patient expires unnoticed on the operating table.

On those occasions when the words of the victims were invoked (the 1840s and 50s saw the publication of a growing number of narratives by slaves who fled to freedom), the other side simply replied that such stories were fictions cobbled together by abolitionist editors from the ravings of illiterate blacks. To every claim there was a counterclaim. If

Frederick Douglass reported in 1845 that he had seen slave women beaten with "heavy cowskin" until the "warm, red blood came dripping to the floor," five years later, in a passage about flogging in the Navy, Melville would report (in an agnostic tone) that "the chivalric Virginian, John Randolph" had claimed to have witnessed aboard ship "more flogging than had taken place on his own plantation of 500 African slaves in ten years." Such discrepant visions of the world of slavery were not only common; they were comprehensive. For every lynching in the South, Southerners pointed to a race riot in the North.

A few public figures did try to cut through the cant, as when Lincoln (in response to the incessant chatter about whether slavery was a good thing or a bad thing for the enslaved) remarked that "people of any color seldom run unless there is something to run from." Lincoln understood that a human being's condition cannot be assessed like a plant's, by measuring the amount of nutrient it absorbs, or by comparing the damage it sustains outdoors from the sun with, say, the effects of indoor work near a blast furnace or a kiln. He knew that the basic point about slavery was being evaded—the fact (again in the words of Templeton Strong) that it was nothing more or less than

deliberate legislation intended to extinguish and annihilate the moral being of men for profit; systematic murder, not of the physical, but of the moral and intellectual being; blasphemy, not in word, but in systematic action against the Spirit of God which dwells in the souls of men to elevate, purify and ennoble them.

With more authority than any white commentator could muster, Douglass agreed: "To make a contented slave, it is necessary to make a thoughtless one."

Douglass meant the word "thoughtless" not in the sloppy modern sense of inconsiderate or selfish, but in the more precise, older sense of "without a thought." Only, he knew, by extinguishing the self-consciousness of the slave could the cotton kingdom truly be secure—which is why his owners were incensed when Douglass taught himself to read. "The graveyard of the mind" was one fugitive's phrase for his former life of servitude; and it is among the shameful facts of our history that so many whites accepted this work of soul-killing as necessary and defensible. To read our antebellum literature is to be appalled by how many of our leading writers managed to blot out of their own awareness the possibility that slaves were not mentally vacant, that they had minds, too, and that they were more than useable bodies.

Suppression of this basic human truth is, finally, the only explanation for how

The Man in the Water



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T I M E S B O O K S

John C. Calhoun, for instance (arguably the pre-eminent intellectual in American public life between the Revolution and the Civil War), could write in the late 1840s that "power can only be resisted by power" even as he rejected the right of black people to rebel against those who had subjugated them for 200 years. More than a half-century earlier, Thomas Jefferson had declared that "those who labour in the earth are the chosen people of God," without recognizing that his words did honor to the black fieldhands who planted and pruned his gardens at Monticello while he wrote in his study about the rights of man.

There is only one way to understand this kind of moral obtuseness in men of otherwise exquisite intelligence. For most whites, black people were not only mysterious or alien or, as we say nowadays, "other." The fact is, they did not exist at all.

The individual who changed this situation was Harriet Beecher Stowe. The explosive book that she published in 1852, *Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly*, was not the first American work of imaginative writing that tried to get inside the experience of slavery. It was preceded by abolitionist romances such as Richard Hildreth's *The Slave; or, Memoirs of Archy Moore* (1836), and drew heavily on such tracts as Theodore Dwight Weld's *American Slavery As It Is* (1839). But it was the first book about slavery that touched the national nerve. Selling 10,000 copies in its first week and 300,000 within the first year, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was denounced in the South as a "criminal prostitution of the high functions of the imagination to the pernicious intrigues of sectional animosity." As for its reception in the North, there is a story—probably apocryphal, but true to Stowe's spirit and intent—that President Lincoln greeted Stowe sometime in the early 1860s as "the little woman who wrote the book that started this great war."

Now, for the first time, we have a genuinely satisfactory life of this woman whose public success surprised even those closest to her. We learn from Joan Hedrick's biography how Stowe struggled to find her place in a family of arduous do-gooders, in which she was, for many years, assigned the place of meek little sister, especially to her older sister, Catharine, and her ambitious brothers, Edward and Henry Ward. The mother of these (and five other) children, Roxana Foote Beecher, died when Harriet was barely 5, and was remembered in the family as a woman of saintly patience and tenderness. Roxana left behind an

image of maternal perfection that haunted Harriet as she tried, sometimes morbidly, to emulate it: "I don't know," she wrote to Catharine in 1826 at the age of 15, "as I am fit for anything, and I have thought that I could wish to die young, and let the remembrance of me and my faults perish in the grave, rather than live, as I fear I do, a trouble to everyone."

Harriet's father was the formidable Lyman Beecher, a thundering preacher apparently unafflicted with such doubts. Having remarried about a year after Roxana's death, he eventually added four children to the nine (one daughter had died in infancy) whom Roxana had borne. In 1826 he moved the family from Connecticut's Litchfield County to Boston, where he intended to vanquish the puny Unitarians who, he thought, were undermining the old Puritan stronghold. In 1832, eager for a bigger campaign, he moved on to Cincinnati in order to lead the fight to save the West from "Catholics and infidels." This southern Ohio town in which Harriet grew to womanhood, married and became a writer, was a raw, pork-packing city that ran on immigrant labor. Sanitation was mainly provided by pigs that ate up the citizens' garbage, converting it, in due time, into excrement that mixed with the stagnant water in the streets and dried into foul-smelling mud.

Undiscouraged by this city without proper churches or drains, Lyman Beecher was a tireless preacher who sermonized at home as much as in the meeting house. Harriet, as Hedrick says in one of many nicely precise phrases, was "positioned . . . to overhear what she needed to learn" from him—as well as from Catharine, in whose school at Hartford she had been both educated and apprenticed. All the Beechers were devoted to the imperatives of sacrifice and virtue—lessons that Harriet absorbed so well that she wrote to a school friend that "self-denial . . . comes [to me] in the form of *pleasure*." The following year, at 17, she wrote to one of her brothers that she

was made for a preacher—indeed I can scarcely keep my letters from turning into sermons. . . . Indeed in a certain sense it is as much my vocation to preach on paper as it is that of my brothers to preach viva voce—I write note after note every day full of good advice & am used to saying "but you must consider" & "I wish you to remember"—& "think my dear" &c &c that you need not wonder to find me exhorting you.

If Harriet developed her preacherly instincts early, there was nothing to indicate that her particular target for amelioration would be the lives of black people. She "sometimes talks quite *Abolitiony*

at me," wrote Catharine in the 1830s, "& I suppose quite Anti to the other side." It was only slowly that Harriet's imagination began to fix upon the outrage of slavery.

The issue first made itself directly felt in the life of the family when a series of debates over slavery broke out in the mid-1830s among students at Lane Theological Seminary, of which Lyman Beecher was president. By the time the commotion subsided, a substantial number of Lane's most committed students (including Theodore Weld) had stormed out in response to the trustees' decision to forbid student-led meetings, and to ban the anti-slavery societies that had been launched at the students' initiative. Half-disciplinarian, half-firebrand, Beecher had tried to maintain a middling position, but now he could only watch as much of his flock defected to nearby Oberlin—where, under his evangelical rival, Charles Grandison Finney, they would establish a long-standing tradition of racial and social progressivism.

A few years earlier Harriet had married Calvin Stowe, a biblical scholar at Lane who regarded "Ultra Abolitionism [as] . . . *naughty Radicalism*," and from whose opinions—expressed no less authoritatively than were her father's—she now took her lead. Eventually, when her husband took up a position at Bowdoin, she accompanied him back East, and wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in her native New England. But her intellectually formative years were spent with him in Cincinnati, just a few miles from a slave state; and it was here, in the contested midwest, that Stowe became embroiled in the issues of the day. When an organizer of the Female Anti-Slavery Society called upon the younger Beecher ladies in the late 1830s, Harriet found the visitor's ideas, in Hedrick's words, "as 'ultra' as anything she had seen." But though she preferred something "intermediate," there were signs of a new restlessness in her spirit:

Pray what is there in Cincinnati to satisfy one whose mind is awakened on this subject? No one can have the system of slavery brought before him without an irrepressible desire to *do* something, and what is there to be done?

It took nearly fifteen years for Harriet Beecher Stowe to answer this question. Those were years during which her domestic responsibilities grew as she bore children of her own, while at the same time she achieved professional recognition as a writer of fictional sketches—first shared with friends, then published in women's magazines, until in 1843, *Harper's* brought out her first book, *The Mayflower; or, Sketches of Scene*

and Characters among the Descendants of the Pilgrims. Although her brother Edward had by now emerged as a publicly committed abolitionist, the race issue remained abstract for most of the family, including Harriet. She had traveled south only once, a brief visit to a Kentucky plantation when she was in her early 20s; and there is some evidence that in 1839 she hired a black serving girl, probably a slave from across the river contracted out by her master, who collected most of her wages. Some of the stories that Stowe wrote around this time were little more than jokes at the expense of "stupid ... staring" housemaids whose incompetence at making beds was a vexation for the mistress of the house.

Hedrick is very scrupulous in telling his life. She delivers a vivid portrait of Stowe as a woman first contending with her taxing family, then caught in the whirl of public events. Above all, Hedrick has written an honest book that does not make her subject into a moral pioneer or an anachronism on the issue of race—a subject on which most nineteenth-century Americans, including abolitionists, held opinions that would revolt us. What is revealed by this honesty is a question that anyone who would understand Beecher Stowe must face: the question of how she developed the fervor and courage to produce one of the most incendiary books on the subject of race ever to be composed in this country.

The beginnings of an answer must be sought, as Hedrick suggests, in Stowe's experience as a woman. Like many mothers in her time, she had the unbearable experience of losing a child.

It happened to her three times: the death by cholera of her 18-month-old baby, Charley, in 1849; again ten years later, when her son Henry drowned while a student at Dartmouth; and, much later, as a woman in her 70s, when she kept a death-bed vigil beside her invalid daughter, Georgianna. One way that she dealt with the first stunning tragedy was to transform it into the fictional death of Eva St. Clare in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the angelic girl who befriends her parents' house-slave, Tom, and recites *Revelation* with him, certain at they will live forever as equals in the kingdom of God. Eva's death has become (along with little Nell's in Dickens's *The Old Curiosity Shop*) the most moving child-death in nineteenth-century fiction—a "lingering and sainted death," as Ann Douglas has described it, which invites us "to bestow on her that sadness we reserve for the contemplation of our own softer emotions." Stowe is certainly a writer who allowed her readers to bathe in the sweetness of

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But touching her readers with sentiment was only a part of the accomplishment of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and it was the lesser part. Stowe's breakthrough was to enlarge the scope of sentiment so that black people, previously dehumanized and kept outside of its range, were suddenly awash in it. For this purpose, too, she had precursors—writers such as John Pendleton Kennedy, who had established the convention (which would reach its culmination in *Gone with the Wind*) of representing plantations as happy families of whites and blacks living together in fond mutual service. But into this picture Stowe introduced a range of extreme situations that had been previously banned from the genre, situations calculated to stir her readers' sympathy and admiration for the plight and resolve of the slaves, whom she thereby rendered more human than they had ever appeared before.

Early in the book, for instance, we witness the flight of the slave Eliza, whose "maternal love [is] wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy" when she learns that her master, under financial duress, has decided to sell her child. Uncle Tom, who is to be sold as well, resolves to accept his fate, but declares that it "'tan't in *natur* for [Eliza] to stay," and endorses her shocking plan to escape with her child. Then—in a chapter that became a favorite subject for illustrators, and was often adapted for the stage—Eliza bolts for freedom with her child in her arms, bounding, in the climactic scene, from the Kentucky shore across shards of ice in the Ohio River to the free state on the other side.

Later, in a book that is organized through a series of symmetries—the force of the market vs. the power of love, male calculation vs. female sensibility—we witness the terrible fate of the man who had stayed behind. The last chapters are devoted, in relentless detail, to the beatings endured by Tom as he is dragged deeper and deeper into the swampish hell of Simon Legree's plantation. When tempted by a fellow slave to

kill his tormentor, Tom replies:

No, ye poor, lost soul, that ye mustn't do. The dear, blessed Lord never shed no blood but his own, and that he poured out for us when we was enemies. Lord, help us to follow his steps, and love our enemies.

Both these instances of conquest over suffering—Eliza prevails in this life, Tom becomes a martyr—are written out as unabashed melodrama. They are shrieks more than arguments. It has been said that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written in tears rather than in ink. It was a book composed in the same frame of mind in

and the slave child removed from parents as soon as profitable was as vast as it was unremarked upon." The key to Stowe's achievement was that she not only remarked upon this distance, but by creating *Uncle Tom's Cabin* out of her own most private grief and outrage, she began the process of closing it.

One of the most valuable services of Hedrick's book is its demonstration of Stowe's virtually religious commitment to the sanctity of domestic life. And yet Hedrick also wants to argue—with determination that tends to divide her

book against itself—that Stowe's anti-slavery feeling was an anger deflected from marriage and motherhood to another "patriarchal institution," slavery. Especially when dealing with the later stages of Stowe's life (she lived until 1896), Hedrick strains to render her as a feminist champion. It is true that Stowe did give vent to outbursts of disgust at what she called in an almost reproachful letter to her husband the "dark side of domestic life":

It is a dark, sloppy, rain muggy, disagreeable day and I have been working hard (for me) all day in the kitchen. . . . I am sick of the smell of sour milk, and sour meat, and sour everything; and then the clothes *will* not dry, and no wet thing does and everything smells moldy; and altogether I feel as if I never wanted to cook again.

But she always continued to believe, as she wrote in the mid-1860 that "even the small, trifling cares of women

life—the attention to buttons, trimming thread and sewing-silk—may be an expression of their patriotism and the religion." Stowe frequently complained about the decadent women of model times, who hire "operators [to] stretch and exercise their inactive muscles," as she celebrated women of old, who had "knowledge of all sorts of medicines, gales, and alleviations . . . [and] perfect familiarity with every canon and law of good nursing and tending." Indeed, "to be really great in little things, to be truly noble and heroic in the insipid details of everyday life, is a virtue so rare as to be worthy of canonization."

These are not the words of one who



DRAWING BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

which Stowe, a few years earlier, had conveyed to her absent husband the news that their son had died of the cholera:

I have just seen him in his death agony, looked on his imploring face when I could not help nor soothe nor do one thing, not one, to mitigate his cruel suffering, do nothing but pray in my anguish that he might die soon.

This image of the child beyond the help of his mother's love is, as Hedrick understands, the source and the inspiration of Stowe's creative power. "The distance," Hedrick writes, "between this 'special child' enshrined in nineteenth-century literature and daguerreotypes

would fundamentally revise the way in which women understood their place in the world. With respect to the traditional family, Stowe was no reformer; she was a passionate conservative. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a study in how families, white and black, are deformed by slavery, how black women are degraded into prostitution, and white women, instinctually warm, turn cold. If it is a book particularly for and about women, it has a recuperative aim rather than a revolutionary one. It celebrates motherhood as the center of all domestic tranquillity, familial and national. It is a paean to the child-nourishing woman, as expressed in the miraculous triumph of Eliza's superhuman strength on behalf of her child, or in the memory that haunts Legree of his own mother, whom he had once spurned, but for whom he longs as the one power that can still save him from damnation.

In fact, one of Hedrick's most interesting points is that Stowe—growing up amid the anti-Catholic tirades of her father—seems to have had a sneaking sympathy for the Roman religion. “*Uncle Tom's Cabin*,” she writes, “was the Protestant equivalent of the Roman Catholic mass, a dramatic re-enactment of the Crucifixion” in which Tom's body is the focus of the sacrament. To this point one might add that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is also an extended pieta—a meditation on the reciprocal love of mother and child. In developing this Madonna theme, Stowe was enlarging upon what had become a convention of the slave narratives, as it was expressed a few years earlier by Douglass:

I never saw my mother, to know her as such, more than four or five times in my life; and each of these times was very short in duration, and at night. She was hired by a Mr. Stewart, who lived about twelve miles from my home. She made her journeys to see me in the night, traveling the whole distance on foot, after the performance of her day's work. She was a field hand, and a whipping is the penalty of not being in the field at sunrise . . . I do not recollect ever seeing my mother by the light of day. She was with me in the night. She would lie down with me, and get me to sleep, but long before I waked she was gone. . . . She died when I was about 7 years old, on one of my master's farms, near Lee's Mill. I was not allowed to be present during her illness, at her death, or burial. She was gone long before I knew anything about it. Never having enjoyed, to any considerable extent, her soothing presence, her tender and watchful care, I received the tidings of her death with much the same emotions I should have probably felt at the death of a stranger.

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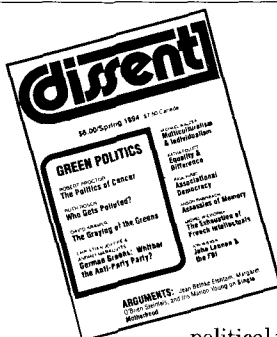
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reports. But as a piece of rhetoric it effectively dramatizes the fact that inspired Stowe's own criticism of the "peculiar institution": that slaves were subject to an emotional deprivation that every mother of the time either felt or feared—the forcible separation of mother from child. When a child died of cholera, there was nothing to be done. But when a whole race of mothers and children were rent apart by a human institution, there was something one could do.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was Stowe's effort to save the black family from the depredations of a cruel regime. It was a major event in our history because, as Hedrick says, Stowe's "political achievement was to make a national audience see the subjectivity of black people," even if "what she herself saw was filtered through a white woman's consciousness." Recently Philip Fisher, a tough-minded critic not notably drawn to the literature of sentimentality, has gone so far as to call it one of those rare books that actually "install[ed] new habits of moral perception" in our culture—in this case, the new habit of believing the proposition (preposterous before Stowe wrote, self-evident after) that "a black is a person."

This achievement merits our grateful amazement. Stowe "told the story" of the slaves, as the black poet Paul Laurence Dunbar put it, and "the whole world wept / At wrongs and cruelties it had not known." Yet it must also be acknowledged that her "white woman's consciousness" was a limiting one. As James Baldwin charged in a furious essay nearly fifty years ago, she could not stop "evading [the] complexity" of her subject. If her maternal compassion had for the first time transformed the slaves from an abstraction into human beings, it rendered them as no more than children. And when she wrote about black people who were safely removed from the depravities of the South, she reverted to convention and caricature. In *Oldtown Folks* (1869), a book largely based on her husband's reminiscences of his boyhood in Natick, Massachusetts, she writes of blacks as a "tribe of little darkies" to whom "a side gallery" in the meeting house is appropriated. Among them are "fat, roly-poly" Jinny, and "jolly old Caesar," who can "gobble like a turkey so perfectly as to deceive the most experienced old boggler on the farm ... and was *au fait* in all manner of jigs and hornpipes." These blacks are not people; they are mascots for the amusement of white folks.

Stowe's passion on the subject of race was a form of what Emerson, speaking of the abolitionists, had called "love afar."

Like many of her contemporaries, she was drawn to the idea of African repatriation for emancipated slaves: "Let the church of the North receive these poor sufferers," she wrote at the conclusion of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, "... until they have attained to somewhat of a moral and intellectual maturity, and then assist them in their passage to those shores [Liberia] where they may put in practice the lessons they have learned in America." Behind this hope there lies the fear that Baldwin hinted at when he remarked that "the wet eyes of the sentimentalist betray [an] aversion to experience, [a] fear of life." If the "perfectly submissive" Tom stands at the center of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, he is surrounded by angry slaves, personifications of black rage, of whom one of the slaveowners says, "our system is educating them in barbarism and brutality. We are breaking all humanizing ties, and making them brute beasts; and if they get the upper hand, such we shall find them."

In the end Beecher Stowe looked on the phenomenon of slavery through the clean moral categories of the Yankee reformer, and what she saw was a race of children being abused by a race of fiends. She could not grasp the strange mutual dependence of blacks and whites in the South, their perverse intimacy. This is where George Wallace's point about racism in the North outrunning racism in the South is not entirely dismissible. Stowe sensed the force of this point when she reveals that Legree himself is a displaced New Englander, and

when she invents the character of Miss Ophelia, an indignant Vermont spinster who comes south as an "absolute bond-slave of the 'ought,'" wanting "to be kind to everybody," but who finds that it "fairly turned her stomach" to see blacks and whites touching one another. "As to kissing"—that is simply beyond her imagination. Although the character of Miss Ophelia is an indictment of the fastidious New England temperament, it is also, in some measure, a self-portrait.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is a book that exemplifies the distance between righteous antagonism to evil institutions and awareness of the full humanity of the victims. To sweep away the oppressive structures is to take only a first step toward recognizing, in Baldwin's words, that no person, black or white, is "merely a member of a Society or a Group." It is a strange experience to read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the age of multiculturalism, when calls abound to free ourselves from the shibboleth of individualism in order to discover which ethnicity or tribe or interest group confers our true identity. To read Stowe in this atmosphere is to be reminded of how immensely difficult it is—for the paternalistic liberal as well as for the candid racist—to see beyond the colors and the categories, and to pay genuine respect to what Baldwin called the "resolutely indefinable" human being within.

ANDREW DELBANCO's new book, *The Death of Satan: The Idea of Evil in the American Imagination*, will be published next year by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

The Aesthete and the Manager

BY ALAN RYAN

The Life of John Maynard Keynes Volume II: The Economist as Savior by Robert Skidelsky

(Allen Lane/The Penguin Press, 731 pp., \$37.50)

Robert Skidelsky has spent the best part of two decades in the company of John Maynard Keynes, and this second volume of his monumental biography of the century's greatest economist reads like the work of an old and intimate friend. It is admiring, but not uncritical; relaxed and unhurried, but incisive. It is also a splendidly open account, and any reader who wants to quibble with this or that nuance is supplied with the materials. It is deeply plea-

surable to read, evocative as well as instructive and a book that asks to be taken on several levels—as a portrait of Keynes first and foremost, but also as a portrait of a governing class; and an essay on the sociology of knowledge; and an account of an unlikely but wonderfully successful marriage; and an exploration of the money-making temperament.

It is all done with immense skill. In his youth Keynes had been the lover of the painter Duncan Grant, and all his life he was a loyal if unorthodox member of

Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Problematic Placements

My recent columns on inclusion, in which I urged a moratorium on the rush to place all children with disabilities in regular classrooms, drew a flood of letters. As you might expect, the letters ranged all over the map, from applauding my stand to accusing me of being "malicious," "immoral," and worse.

There were parents who wrote movingly about how much inclusion in a regular classroom had done for their children. But the fact that inclusion has been successful with some children doesn't prove that it will work with children who have other disabilities—or that the conditions that made it successful in some schools will be repeated elsewhere. It makes no more sense to insist on including all kids with disabilities in regular classrooms, regardless of their condition, than it made to exclude them all.

Some other letter writers advised me that there is no point discussing the pros and cons of inclusion because it is the law: All children with disabilities have a legal right to placement in a regular classroom. And if the placement doesn't work out, there are legal procedures for changing it. These letters missed the boat on several counts.

It is true that the Education for All Handicapped Children Act gave youngsters with disabilities the right to a "free and appropriate public education in the least restrictive environment." But this doesn't tell us whether the "least restrictive environment" that is "appropriate" for a particular child is a special education class or a regular classroom. Where parents and school districts differ, the decision becomes a matter for the courts.

What if a placement doesn't work out? Suppose a teacher is assigned a 14-year-old boy whose disability involves violent behavior that regularly turns the class upside down. What are the legal procedures for moving the youngster out of the class? What protection does the law offer the teacher and the other kids in the meantime?

If a behavior problem is considered disability-related, the normal school rules governing student behavior don't apply. According to the so-called stay-put rule issued by the Supreme Court, the student cannot be suspended for more than 10 days a year, though if the school district petitions the court, a temporary restraining order could be granted. Otherwise, the kid is back in class no matter what he did—and does. That includes hitting other students or the teacher or bringing a gun to class.



It makes no more sense to insist on including all kids with disabilities in regular classrooms, regardless of their condition, than it made to exclude them all.

The only way to remove the student is to change the placement, and doing so involves a series of procedures: an informal meeting followed, if necessary, by a formal hearing, an administrative appeal and, finally, if there is still no agreement, a court case.

If the matter is settled in an informal hearing, a change of placement might not take more than a couple of weeks. It could also stretch out for many months. And for however long it takes, the stay-put rule means that the youngster remains in the class he has been disrupting. Since appealing a placement can be expensive as well as complicated, schools often try to avoid it altogether, putting pressure on the teacher to continue coping with the disruptive youngster—while trying to teach the other students.

Until now, special education teachers and their students have borne the brunt of inappropriate placements. If total inclusion takes off and the regular classroom becomes the standard placement for all children with disabilities, more classes will be disrupted. Teachers who often have little training and little if any extra help in dealing with the special needs of disabled youngsters will be trying to cope with unfamiliar problems. What kind of learning will go on in these classrooms?

The stay-put rule and the procedures for changing a placement mean that teachers and principals aren't allowed to exercise judgment the way people running other institutions—like hospitals or firehouses—can. They have to make a case and prove it in a legal procedure. Of course schools have committed serious errors in their treatment of children with disabilities, and there must be a way of appealing such errors. But in an effort to create justice for one group, we have created injustice for others.

Am I saying that all children with disabilities should be denied placement in regular classrooms because some create enormous problems? Not at all. That's no more sensible than saying—as some of the parents who wrote me did—that all children with disabilities have a right to be placed in a regular classroom because some succeed there. Children with disabilities are individuals, not a bureaucratic category, and their school placements need to be done on a case-by-case basis. Placing them in regular classrooms based only on their membership in a group will be as devastating to many of them as it will be to the education of the other kids in their class.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1994 by Albert Shanker.

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Bloomsbury. Skidelsky is rightly self-conscious about the combination of intellectual and artistic demands that the life of such a man makes on his biographer, and he often wonders aloud whether he has got Keynes placed just right in relation to his father, to Cambridge, to Bloomsbury, to the history of economic analysis, to large movements of the mind such as modernism. When he is sure, he loads his brush with color. Here is his "portrait of an unusual economist":

He had every reason to be colossally self-confident, and so he was. The only obvious areas of mistrust had to do with his physical appearance and his speaking voice. His eyes were riotous; his lips lascivious; his aspect somewhat irregular. He did his best to turn himself into a normal-looking member of the establishment, with military mustache, and city suits which he wore even in the country. In the 1930s he enjoyed the role of squire of Tilton. About his voice he could do nothing. It was the voice of a scholar, a man of taste and erudition, slightly precious, without much resonance or range, deficient in rhetorical quality. He made music with his pen.

Skidelsky credits Alasdair MacIntyre's brilliant and alarming *After Virtue* for the way in which Keynes is treated here. MacIntyre argued that modern society uses moral language in a peculiarly

empty fashion: it is as though we are speaking a dead language. In a memorable stroke, MacIntyre claimed that when real morality is dead, two possible roles in life are left, the Aesthete and the Manager. Keynes, says Skidelsky, was both.

This isn't simply a matter of saying that he was a member of Bloomsbury, that he married a ballerina and loyally supported innumerable loss-making productions, and so on and so forth. It goes much deeper. Keynes's deepest values were aesthetic. He had next to no personal morality in the orthodox sense. Here, too, this wasn't just a matter of his enthusiastic homosexual appetite, of a "mind like a sewer" (in Lytton Strachey's words). It was a point of honor for many of his generation to throw off restraint in such a fashion. What made all the difference were rather the views that he recalled in 1938 in his famous essay on "My Early Beliefs." He and his Bloomsbury friends read G. E. Moore's *Principia Ethica* in 1903, swallowed it whole and never quite gave it up. Moore's little book claimed, without false modesty, that all previous views of ethics were simply wrong. "Good" was a "simple, unanalyzable, non-natural quality" that we just perceive by intuition. What was highest in such qualities, Moore said, was "cer-

tain states of consciousness, which may be roughly described as the pleasures of human intercourse and the enjoyment of beautiful objects."

"It is still my religion under the sun," Keynes admitted thirty-five years later. Such a view has some obvious consequences. The most troubling consequence, for democratically minded people, is that when intuitions clash, there may not be much we can do about it. In practice, we discover that the Aesthete and the Manager find it easier to cooperate than one might think. Sophisticated people who have sharpened their senses of beauty and their taste in person; intercourse will feel entitled to run the world in the best interests of those who have not yet reached such a state. Keynes was an interesting example of such a person. His sympathy with the unemployed or the underemployed, the old, the ill, the chronically hard-up was not driven by an outraged sense of justice; it was more nearly an aesthetic revulsion at the mess and the waste of economic mismanagement. All those misused resources could have built museums, concert halls, new colleges and theaters, and could have made life worth living.

This volume starts just after Keynes had lacerated the Versailles peace treaty in his best-selling *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* (1919), and it ends shortly after the publication of *A General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* (1936), when Keynes was first aware of the heart trouble that would kill him soon after his heroic postwar work on the Bretton Woods agreement. It was the high point of Keynes's intellectual life and the happiest time of his personal life. It was a time when he managed to combine a career as an active stock-market speculator, insurance company chairman, adviser to governments, journalist, theoretical economist and devoted fellow of King's College, Cambridge with an active social life, the pursuit and marriage of Lydia Lopokova and rather underappreciated efforts to keep his Bloomsbury friends financially afloat.

Keynes imposed order on a hectic existence. He was a "one-draft" writer; he got his way in committees by going in armed with a polished draft while everyone else came in and floundered. His passion for order was such that he threw away his old friend Goldworthy Lowes Dickinson's letters because he could not bear the untidiness. Skidelsky notes that he had quirks that helped him to preserve the orderliness; one was that he bought 11 collars from the same Cambridge tailor who made them for him until he retired while another is that he always wore his underwear, though he might wear it until it fell into rags. This last is a sort of symbol of one of Skidelsky's run-

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hemes, that the genius of Keynes's *General Theory* was that it came to terms with the death of the orderly Victorian economy, announced that the modern economy was intrinsically disorderly and therefore concluded that order must be imposed on this chaos by government action. It's as though Keynes could only embrace the untidiness of the new economics by hanging on to his old social and sartorial habits.

Skidelsky's new book starts with Keynes's postwar efforts at persuading anyone with influence to help German economic recovery. Keynes now had no official position, but was on intimate terms with senior officials in the treasury and the Bank of England, and with their opposite numbers in Germany. Skidelsky suggests that a major theme of Keynes's efforts was to "keep America out of Europe." Otherwise put, he argued for a lowering of the German burden of reparations not out of sympathy for the Germans or dislike of the French, but in the belief that this was the path to economic stability in Europe generally, and so to independence from the bankers in New York. On Skidelsky's account of it, this was a major motive for his opposition to the British government's desire to return to the gold standard at the pre-war exchange rate with the dollar. An overvalued pound could only be propped up by American dollars, and that would place British economic policy in hock to the Federal Reserve Board.

During these years, 1921 to 1925, the first seeds of "Keynesian" economics were being planted. The British treasury had been misled by the speed with which inflation in prices and wages immediately after the war had flared up and died down. The official line was that it was as possible to rejoin the gold standard, and so re-establish the City of London as the world's main financial market. The treasury supposed that the world's confidence in the city could only be maintained by returning to the pre-war value of the pound. This meant that prices had to fall, including the price of labor, that is, wages. What happened was that wages proved "sticky," and unemployment rose instead of wages falling.

Keynes argued from 1922 onward that employment should have been maintained at the expense of higher prices—these being the days of deflationary rather than inflationary pressures—and the pound should be devalued. The British treasury and the Bank of England did not respond by declaring devaluation to be a form of unnatural vice, but even in Skidelsky's measured count, one often gets the sensation

that the response from those directions may have been technically clever, but that it was really based on something close to a religious disapproval.

Once Winston Churchill decided in 1925 to crucify the British economy on a cross of gold, Keynes let fly with the second of his devastating pamphlets, *The Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill*, and more usefully in the long run turned his mind to the practical matter of how to drive up employment in what seemed like a permanently underemployed economy. Since classical economic theory was concerned with the adjustment of prices in a fully employed economy, and Keynes had, as Skidelsky points out, learned his economics in Cambridge, where the cry was "it's all in Marshall," it was exceedingly hard to conceptualize the problem. There was also the nasty problem of what social scientists have for many years now called the "self-fulfilling prophecy." If everything depends upon the confidence with which bankers and industrialists regard government policy, and bankers and industrialists hold absurd views, then governments are caught between a rock and a hard place.

This was very much the position of the British government in the late 1920s. Convinced that going off the gold standard, or unilaterally devaluing the pound to some new rate against gold, would mean the end of the City of London, successive governments could neither bring themselves to engage in the sort of deficit financing that would have been needed if they were to launch a major public works program to mop up employment, nor raise interest rates to the level needed to keep the balance of payments steady at the going exchange rate. Everything was just about manageable so long as American money did not take flight from London. But the deepening of the American depression after 1929, and the depressed state of world trade, meant that the pound came under threat during 1930-31, until on September 21, 1931, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden, gave in and took Britain off the gold standard. With the new freedom of maneuver that this gave subsequent governments, the British economy slowly mended.

Among the many pleasures of Skidelsky's account of this first

round of the Keynesian campaign is his picture of the extraordinary divergence between Keynes and his American critics. Thomas Lamont, for one, wrote that he did "not think England made a mistake in restoring the pound to its pre-war value in 1925. The mistake was in permitting the trade unions after the general strike to impose a rigid wage scale on British industries and subsidizing the resulting unemployment by the dole." From the British side of the Atlantic, this looks like the recommendation to risk civil war or mass starvation for the sake of the gold standard. And Lamont's colleague, Russell Leffingwell, offered an explanation that no doubt satisfied him, but sixty years later looks like pure superstition. He told Walter Lippmann that Keynes and his friends did not realize

that the gold standard is not something that economists, politicians and bankers have thought up and devised as a convenient expedient for the welfare of mankind. The gold standard is something deeply rooted in the appetites of men. The love of gold is instinctive in men like their love of land and women.

This is the line that Keynes satirized as justifying price and income deflations until the last economist in the world lies starving on a pile of gold.

It was after the political debacle of the flight from the gold standard—a "degringolade" was what Hubert Henderson, Keynes's colleague and sparring partner, called it—that Keynes retired somewhat from the advice-giving scene. He returned to Cambridge, where he put the finances of King's College on a proper footing and delivered successive drafts of the *General Theory* to undergraduates in economics. It is one of many small mysteries that so many undergrad-

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(Asked of four student poets at the Illinois Schools for the Deaf and Visually Impaired)

Fire: because it is quick, and can destroy.
Music: place where anger has its place.
Romantic Love—the cold or stupid ask why.
Sign: that it is a language, full of grace,

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That it is loud and noiseless and is contained
Inside a body and explodes in air
Out of a body to conquer from the mind.

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The Arab Boycott of Israel

Does it give any clues to Arab intentions?

In the current peace negotiations between the Arab states and Israel there is much pressure on Israel to make "accommodations for peace." No such gestures are ever being requested from the Arabs. One very important matter, the Arab boycott of Israel, is never even being discussed.

What are the facts?

The Background of the Boycott.

The Arab states try to make the world believe that their hostility toward Israel is based on Israel's "occupation" of "Arab lands", which came under Israeli administration as a result of the 1967 Six-Day War. But the Arab boycott of Israel goes back even further—to 1946, two years before the state of Israel even existed.

How the Boycott works. The boycott works on several levels. The primary boycott

prohibits Arab people and Arab states to do any business—with and in Israel. The

secondary boycott attempts to prevent businesses anywhere in the world from any economic activity with Israel and threatening them with economic retaliation if they do not conform. It is a very potent weapon, since most countries and most businesses are well aware that the large Arab market and its enormous oil wealth make it most unattractive to get into the bad graces of the Arabs. Little consideration is given to the fact that the boycott is a gross violation of international law. The U.S. is the one shining exception to the almost universal acceptance of this economic blackmail. There is also the tertiary boycott that punishes firms that deal with blacklisted businesses. And perhaps the most damaging aspect is the so-called "voluntary boy-

cott", by which companies, and in some cases entire countries, refrain pre-emptively from doing business with Israel in order to avoid retaliation by the Arabs.

The boycott also applies to international shipping, aviation and tourism: Most ships and airplanes calling on Israel are barred from Arab ports; airplanes enroute to and from Israel cannot overfly Arab countries. Israelis or any travelers with Israeli visas in their passports may not enter most Arab countries.

The Arab Boycott Office maintains a

"The Arab boycott is undisguised economic warfare against the state of Israel. It is totally unrelated to any territorial dispute the Arabs may have with Israel."

blacklist, which at last count included over 6,300 entries in 96 countries. In the United States

alone, over 12,000 firms each year receive requests from Arab firms for boycott compliance. In Europe and Asia, where, in contrast to the United States, boycott compliance is usually legal, the numbers are probably much higher.

The Cost of the Boycott to Israel. The primary damage of the boycott to the Israeli economy is that it prevents or considerably hampers investments in the country. That loss is estimated to be on the order of \$500 to \$600 million per year. The loss of potential trade with the Arab countries alone is on the order of over \$500 million per year. Because of the boycott, Israel's commercial exports are at least 10% less than they would otherwise be—a loss of about \$1.2 billion per year!

The Arab boycott is undisguised economic warfare against Israel. The boycott is totally unrelated to any territorial dispute the Arabs may have with Israel, since the boycott started over twenty years before any such territories came under Israeli administration. Its purpose is the strangulation of Israel—to achieve by economic means what the Arabs, despite many tries, have been unable to achieve by military means. But the greatest losers of the boycott may well be the Arabs themselves. Blinded by their hatred of Israel they have prevented the Middle East from becoming an area of growth and prosperity exceeding even the Asian Pacific Rim countries. Rescinding the almost 50-year old boycott would be an encouraging signal to the world and to the Israeli public. Their not bringing even such a gesture does give a clue that the intentions of the Arabs are not peaceful and that Israel is justified in proceeding with greatest caution in any peace negotiations.

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uates fell for assorted versions of Marxism when they had both Wittgenstein and Keynes on the premises. In fact some of his friends tried to persuade Keynes that Marx had seen further into the workings of capitalism than he, but he would have none of it. He wrote to George Bernard Shaw:

My feelings about *Das Kapital* are like my feelings about the Koran. I know that it is historically important, and that many people, not all of whom are idiots, find it a sort of Rock of Ages and containing inspiration. Yet when I look into it, it is to me inexplicable that it can have this effect. Its dreary, out of date, academic controversializing seems so extraordinarily unsuitable as material for the purpose. But then, as I have said, I feel the same about the Koran. How could either of these books carry fire and sword round half the world? It beats me.

In fact, in his lectures, though not in the finished book, he allowed Marx a little credit for seeing that there could be a problem of "effective demand." The orthodox view had always been that since every sale puts money in the seller's pocket, monetary demand could never be insufficient to mop up whatever producers offered for sale. Keynes thought Marx had noticed that much might happen to break this circuit of sales and purchases. Interestingly, the economist that Keynes credited with the greatest insight into the problem was Malthus. It was not Malthus's views about population that Keynes took up, but he was squarely on Malthus's side against Ricardo; Malthus's anxiety about keeping up demand was a "Keynesian" anxiety 120 years earlier. Ricardo's insistence that within his model there could be no deficiency of demand was a classic response: it exhibited a preference for theoretical elegance over fidelity to what was before one's eyes.

While writing the *General Theory*, Keynes paid a visit to the States in the spring of 1934 and met the newly inaugurated FDR. Many reminiscences of the trip survive—Francis Perkins recalled that Keynes tried to explain the concept of the multiplier using the example of shopping for groceries, but simply baffled her—but there is no account of how Keynes and Roosevelt passed what must have been an interesting hour. Skidelsky ducks the question of whether the early New Deal was as Keynesian as Keynes thought it was, and says, rightly enough, that the success of the New Deal is an impossible difficult subject in its own right. What it does not duck is the reception of the *General Theory* in the United States, but the question of who understood what of its claims in what way is a branch

what Skidelsky rightly calls "economic theology," and we may leave it for graduate students to untangle.

It is impossible to give a thumbnail sketch of the impact of the *General Theory*. A major part of its impact was not so much in the area of pure economic theory as in persuading a younger generation of economists to tackle different problems from those that they had first seen in the classical textbooks. Another effect, one on which Skidelsky is especially good, was to disillusion everyone with theories that traded in automatic processes of adjustment. "In the long run we are all dead," is an over-quoted phrase, but an economic theory that insists that over the infinitely long run the economy will achieve an optimum is not much comfort to human beings who live for rather less than an infinitely long run. What Keynes did was to encourage his readers to throw out as much of the old, automatic-adjustment vision of the world as interfered with making rational policy in the present, and to give them enough theoretical tools to put some structure in their ideas and to prevent them from merely thrashing about. We could sneer at that achievement with a better conscience if we had something better with which to tackle our own chaotic environment.

Keynes thought that the point of studying economics was not to make money (though he made and lost three fortunes in these years, and ended a rich man). It was to keep up prosperity, because a prosperous society could be a civilized society, and in a civilized society there could be love, friendship, music, painting and Cambridge. On all these, Skidelsky is engaging. His readers surely will succumb to his account of the surprising love match between Keynes and the Russian ballet dancer Lopokova. It was a marriage much deplored by Vanessa Bell—at least partly because it meant that she had to move out of 6 Gordon Square, the house she shared with Keynes—and frequently deplored by Virginia Woolf, who seems to have been animated by disinterested malice, but who eventually came round to the thought that the happiness of the Keynes household was not an offense against good taste.

Who could help wishing that more economists could write love letters like these:

In my bath today I considered your virtues—how great they are. As usual I wondered how you could be so wise. You must have spent much time eating apples and talking to the serpent! But I also thought that you combined all ages—a very old woman, matron, a debutante, a girl, a child, an infant; so that you are universal. What defense can you make against such praises?

And the reply:

Oh Maynard, what you thought of me in a bath room on Sunday is something like wooing in absence. I am flattered and shy, and flattered again. I am not all what you say, but I shall improve with time and eat more apples.

Their marriage was blissfully happy. Even Bloomsbury was forced to admit that Maynard and Lydia had achieved a perfect union—though they continued to complain about the quality of the food and drink at Tilton, and could never quite believe that Lydia was the miracle of ingenuous good nature she seemed to be. They never managed to have children, but begot an astonishing number of theatrical, balletic and artistic enterprises to fill the space. Skidelsky's account of all this is both moving and hilarious.

When Skidelsky acquired Keynes's old house at Tilton several years ago, a few eyebrows were raised. Fears were expressed that the biographer's identification with his subject had gone too far. But *The Economist as Savior* sets one's mind at ease. Tilton has rubbed off only to the extent of giving Skidelsky a convincing sense of place and a feeling for Keynes's affection for his farm and its surroundings, as well as a sense of his domestic existence that makes it much more than mere "background." And if one occasionally feels a touch of wistfulness creeping into the prose when Skidelsky is deep into another of Keynes's dazzling performances in front of a government committee, what else would one expect from a biographer stranded in a later era distinguished by the sloth and feebleness of its politicians? Though this is an immensely stylish biography, it has an edge of irritation that adds an agreeably piquant flavor to it.

ALAN RYAN teaches politics at Princeton University.

TRB continued from page 4

forth dozens of accusations, some accurate, some inaccurate, but all—with TNR's imprimatur—grist for right-wing radio talk shows, etc.

Other publications have reported that the author of this article, while in Little Rock on his researches, was conked over the head in his hotel room, fell unconscious to the floor and awoke several hours later to find key pages of notes removed from his notebook. TNR's editors did not share this bizarre episode with readers.

But why publish Davis's long report while omitting this episode? If true, the

story is certainly newsworthy—far more newsworthy than anything in the piece itself. If false, it casts doubt on Davis's entire yarn. So which is it?

Assault and battery aside, Davis's yarn casts doubt on itself at several points, even to the casual reader. Let me offer just two examples in which my suspicions were confirmed by Gene Lyons, a writer in Little Rock. First, Davis makes much of Clinton's signing a bill in the early 1980s that repealed the state usury laws. He portrays this as a favor to Clinton's financial cronies. But state usury laws were an anachronism being repealed all over the country around this time, because of high interest rates and the trend toward financial deregulation. Lyons points out that the repeal was actually initiated by the Republican governor who defeated Clinton in 1980 and that it was approved by popular referendum in 1982.

Similarly, Davis makes a great hoo-hah about the 1985 creation of an Arkansas Development Finance Authority to issue industrial revenue bonds. Industrial revenue bonds—by which state governments lend their tax-free borrowing authority to private businesses—are indeed an abuse. But they are an abuse indulged in, legally, by every state in the union.

Davis's contention that "well-established common law" mandates that the issuing of such bonds be insulated from "the hurly burly of everyday political life," and that "due diligence" requires that they only go to companies that can't get ordinary financing, will be hilarious to anyone with the slightest knowledge of how states—all states—compete for business. Lyons alleges that the Stephens financial firm—the villain of Davis's piece—actually opposed this new authority because it deprived Stephens of a former virtual monopoly on Arkansas's bonds.

But enough. That zany *Wall Street Journal* editorial page says, regarding Whitewater, that we need more "publications willing to report what they learn even at the risk that now and then some of it may be overtaken by other facts." *Overtaken by other facts*. What a lovely euphemism for getting it wrong! I hope that TNR will remain a publication that is afraid of being overtaken by other facts.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Paper trail

RON HOWARD'S NEW MOVIE, *THE Paper*, is the usual hokey Hollywood fare, but it contains one scene that made me wonder. The lead character, a New York newspaper editor played by Michael Keaton, is in the office of the editor of a rival paper. When the editor looks away from his desk momentarily, Keaton snatches a glance at his competitor's notes on an explosive breaking story. He later uses what he discovered to further his own paper's investigation of the same story. It's a sneaky thing to do, maybe even downright sleazy, but is it a lapse of "journalistic ethics"? The makers of the film seem to think so. And several reviews I've read say it is. I'm not so sure. After all, attempting to figure out just what constitutes ethics in journalism is a dicey business. Ethics imply professional standards. But journalism isn't a profession, it's a trade. Unlike doctors or lawyers, reporters don't have to go to school and pass a licensing exam to "become" journalists; there is no common standard of professional behavior that all journalists adhere to on pain of banishment from the ranks. Reporters for ABC News, *The New York Times* and *THE NEW REPUBLIC* all call themselves journalists, even though they adhere to sometimes radically different notions of what does and doesn't count as journalism.

TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, THE PRACTICE of undercover reporting. Most major newspapers, including *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*, have rules forbidding reporters from passing themselves off as insurance salesmen or Saudi sheiks to get a story. But television news reporters do it all the time. "60 Minutes" was practically built on these kinds of "sting" investigations. And other television news magazines, such as "PrimeTime Live," would wither without undercover cameras and concealed microphones. Then there's the question of anonymous quotations. *USA Today*, for one, won't print them. Every quote has to have a name attached, lest its reporters become unwitting rumor conduits for ax-grinding government officials. But you can turn

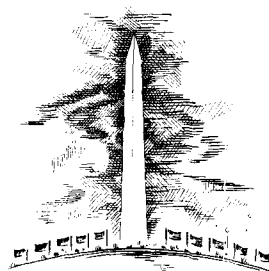
around and find entire articles in the *Post* without a single attributed quote. Or *TNR*. Every quote in an article I wrote last week on Henry Gonzalez, the fierce chairman of the House Banking Committee, was unattributed. Would I have preferred it if all of them had been on record? Sure. I'll take a named source over an unnamed one every time. But it's a funny thing about people: when you ask them to speak critically about their friends and colleagues, they usually don't want their names attached. Instead, I chose to quote sources I believed to be credible and identified their particular biases as specifically as they would allow. Did I somehow compromise my journalistic integrity in the process? Al Neuharth thinks so.

PHOTOGRAPHS ARE another seeming area of confusion. Just look at *Time* magazine, which has once again been caught playing fast

and loose with the facts. The last time, the magazine took heat for publishing photos of a supposed Russian pimp and his young male prostitutes. They turned out to have been staged by the photographer. Apparently, *Time*'s editors didn't get the hint that what they did was wrong. This week's issue of the magazine sports a picture of a grim-faced George Stephanopoulos hovering over an equally dour President Clinton, who sits head on hand. Coupled with the screamer headline "DEEP WATER: HOW THE PRESIDENT'S MEN TRIED TO HINDER THE WHITEWATER INVESTIGATION," the photo makes it appear as though Clinton is worrying himself sick over Whitewater. He may well be, but the photograph has nothing to do with it. Turns out the White House supplied *Time* with the picture, which was snapped during a November White House meeting. The topic that so furrowed Clinton's brow? A glitch in his daily schedule. What's more, Clinton and Stephanopoulos weren't even really alone. *Time* editors sliced White House press secretary Dee Dee Myers out of the shot.

THE PICTURE WOULD APPEAR TO be a fraud for a news magazine, no matter what standard you adhere to. It's one thing to dip into the archives for an old photo, another to pass off that old photo as a depiction of a different event. But once again I am not on solid ground here, journalistically speaking. My colleague Michael Lewis might argue that Clinton is, it is well-known,

upset about Whitewater, and that he might indeed be wearing a worn look similar to the one in the picture. So what's the harm in passing what's probably true as true? That's essentially the gist of his recent defense of a *Los Angeles Times* photographer who staged a picture of a firefighter cooling himself by the side of a swimming pool during the California fires (see "Lights! Camera! News!" *TNR*, February 28). His argument is that the fireman was hot he was by the pool and he just might have dipped into the water even if the photographer hadn't asked him to do it.



LEWIS'S LOGIC COMPLETELY escapes me on this one. I don't want to get overly moralistic about this, but is there any difference between staging a photo and trumping a quote? Suppose I'm reporting a story about Senator X (not his real name) who is widely though

to be a buffoon by his colleagues. I'm on a tight deadline, and I can't find anyone in the Senate to give me the magic quote. I know what they're all thinking, they just don't want to come out and say it. So I make up a quote attribute it to "one Democratic Senator who knows him well" and justify it by assuring myself that if I'd only had more time, I could have gotten the real thing. The circumstance is exactly the same, but I don't think anyone, not even a certain beleaguered *L.A. Times* photographer, would come rushing to my defense if the truth came out.

WHICH BRINGS US, SORT OF, BACK to the original *Paper* dilemma. Did Michael Keaton commit an unforgivable act of theft? He did, after all, read another reporter's work. I don't think so. It wasn't a story, after all, just a bunch of notes. What if Keaton hadn't read the paper off his desk, but overheard the other editor discussing the story as he walked by his office? Would he be ethically bound to ignore what he heard? I don't think so. If I'm a reporter in the White House press room and I hear one of my colleagues telling her editor that Warren Christopher is resigning, do I have to keep mum because the tip isn't mine? He no. I grab the nearest phone. I'll admit scanning a rival reporter's desk for tips is a little beyond the pale. I wouldn't condemn him for it, either.

WESTON KOSOY

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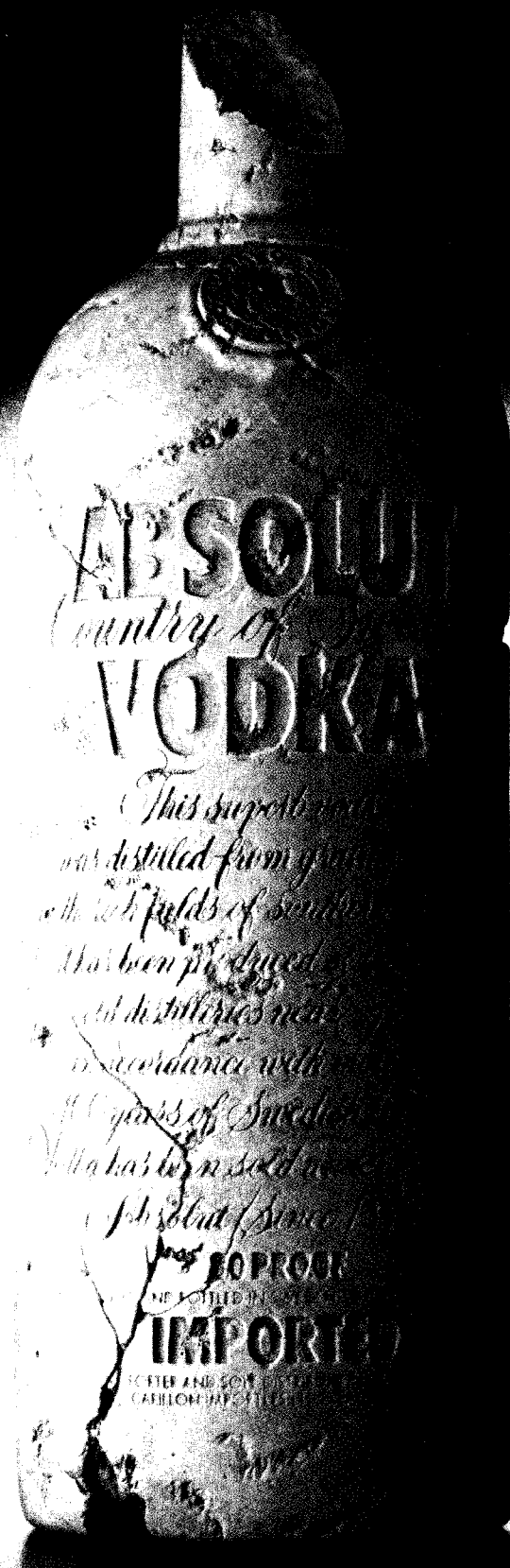
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